

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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John Jameson

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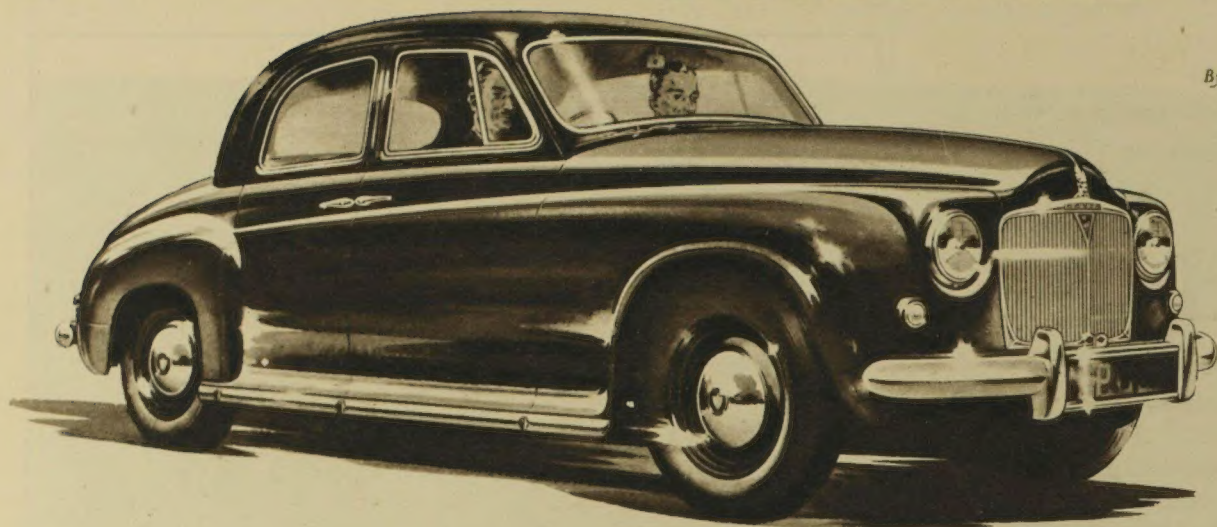
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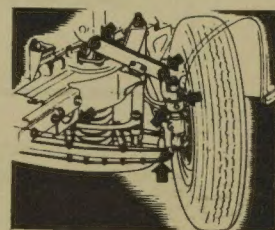
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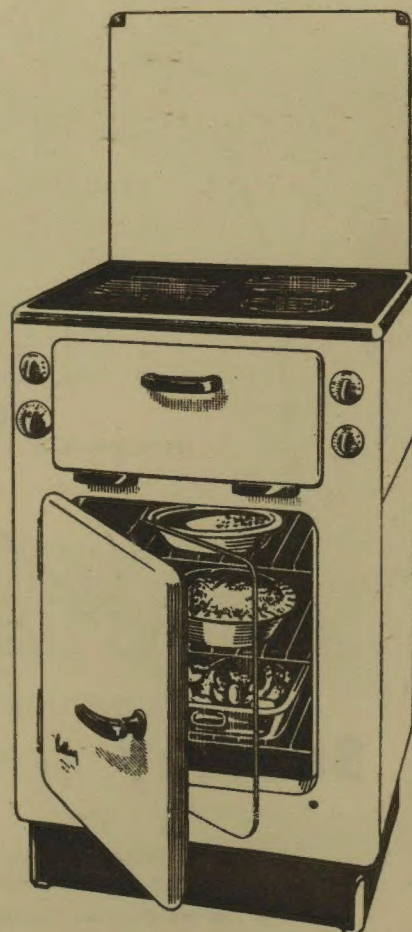
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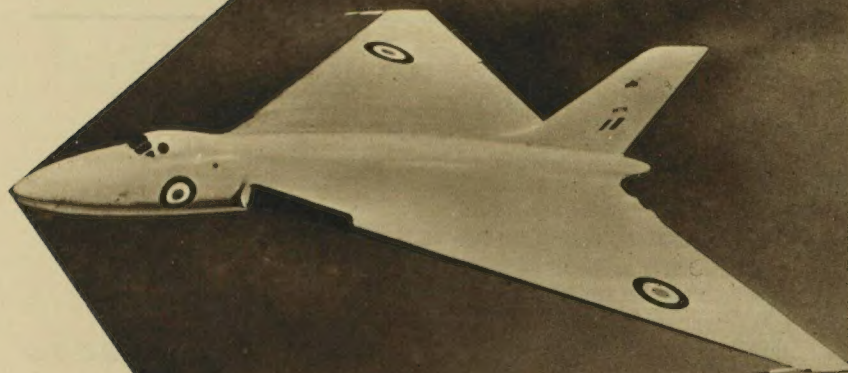
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1953.



DESOLATION OF CANVEY ISLAND, THE AREA WHICH SUFFERED MOST SEVERELY AND WHERE 55 PERSONS DIED: A POIGNANT ILLUSTRATION OF THE HIGH COURAGE AND TIRELESS WORK NEEDED TO RESTORE ITS FORMER PROSPERITY.

Our aerial photograph was taken over South Benfleet, looking in a south-westerly direction over Canvey Island towards the Thames Estuary. On February 6 it was stated that in the western half of the island there were 24 breaks in the sea-wall and 11 slips (places where the wall had subsided through undermining), and in the eastern half, 22 breaches and 28 slips. The level of the water was then dropping and the work of stopping the breaches with sandbags continued day

and night, though early on the morning of February 8 fog forced the 600 airmen working by searchlights to break off. On that day it was possible for the first time to drive tracked vehicles with men and sandbags direct to the wall, thus saving time and labour. Student volunteers from London University worked filling sandbags, and undergraduates from Oxford and Cambridge and other universities were similarly employed there, and at other points.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"IRON ore by 'fifty-four!" Such, we are told, is the slogan of the men who are building the railway through the Labrador wilderness which is to become, within a few years, one of the greatest ironfields on earth. For 400 miles, at breakneck speed, the railway is being laid which is to bring the hidden wealth of bleak Ungava to Seven Islands, on the St. Lawrence, and the waiting free world. For perhaps 700,000,000 years the iron-ore for which Canada is now calling has been lying under the soil of her poorest, most desolate province. It will make her, already one of the richest and potentially powerful nations on earth, as rich and powerful, it may be, by the end of the century—if the rise in her population can only keep pace with that of her resources—as the United States itself. Indeed, in another generation, the United States, so prodigal in its past use of its own ores, may find itself running short of the most vital of all the sinews of material strength. But the wealth of iron-ore lying under the Labrador soil is, some say, enough to supply the whole of the New World for generations. The implications of all this are enormous.

The problem, of course, is to get the latent wealth out of its remote and forbidding *habitat* and turn it to man's use. That is the real miracle of what is now being done in the Labrador wilderness. The people of Canada, fortunately for themselves and the future of mankind, are not governed by British Civil Servants. There are many things to be said for the latter; they are exceptionally honest, they are highly conscientious, they are hard-working and, so far as bureaucracy admits of humanity, they are humane and kindly, more humane and kindly, I suspect, than the State officials in any land in the world. But for getting vital things done quickly they do not stand high in the scale of human achievement. Their distinguishing trait in such matters is to do too little too late. It is not their fault; it is that of the democracy that so foolishly supposes that the art of recording and enumerating is the art of government: that expects a file to do the work of a conscience, a committee to do service for a man, an inter-departmental memorandum minuted by the right people in the right places to take the place of a quick mind and a resolute heart. It is a curious and rather melancholy commentary on the capacity of our vast army of salaried officials and the prodigious proportion of the national income we devote to their maintenance that, despite all the wonderful inventions and devices placed in their hands by science, the only warning that the scores of thousands of unfortunate coast-dwellers received of their impending and appalling peril at the beginning of the present month seems to have come, not from the statutory authorities set up for their guidance and protection, but—ludicrous as it would seem if it were not so pathetic—from a few barking and apprehensive dogs. Even in the Middle Ages the authorities used to ring the church bells when floods were expected, to warn the householder and farmer. But in 1953, in the age of meteorological offices and universal wireless, walls of water, after a day of storm and at the peak of the spring tides, were allowed to pour silently and murderously through sleeping streets and over the roofs of habited bungalows without their victims being given any inkling of the danger threatening them. And if one thing can be predicted with absolute certainty, it is that not one single official, national or local, will be dismissed or reprimanded as a result of what happened, or be regarded as in any way blameworthy for it. It would, indeed, seem by our standards monstrously unjust that any permanent official should be so regarded. For it is the essence of bureaucracy that no bureaucrat is ever responsible for anything except that which is immediately under his administrative nose or in his basket. He is not expected—or allowed—to be. Many great gifts of intellect and character are required of those who aspire to the highest posts in our Civil Service, and immense technical capacity. Yet almost the most indispensable qualification of all is the ability and readiness habitually to wear blinkers. To consider the possibilities of a large area of land being flooded and to warn its inhabitants, unless a Department of Government has already been set up, staffed and equipped expressly for this purpose, is obviously outside the scope of bureaucracy as we understand it. It is no one's business. Yet it is also a canon of modern sociological and political thought that, not only must bureaucracy decide every important matter, but that no private

person must be permitted to hold a position in which he can decide anything of public importance. There is nothing Whitehall and twentieth-century democracy view with so much jealousy and disapproval as the exercise of private authority. The result of these two negative principles is a hiatus. It was through such a hiatus that the flood-waters took the hapless people of the Thames estuary and East Anglia by surprise.

That is one of the reasons why I find it refreshing to think about Canada. In its swift march from raw colonialism to a commanding place in the councils of mankind, the great sub-continent of the North still enjoys, like Victorian England and the twentieth-century United States, the leadership and inspiration of creative men: of men, that is, who know how to get results and are allowed to do so. They have not yet been subordinated to the recorder, the statistician and the pedant. The land and its people are free; free to grow rich and to make wealth. During the past half-century we in this country have turned our back on such freedom as a result of the social disasters that befell us during our own earlier surge forward to wealth under a system of uncontrolled *laissez faire*. In consequence of this—and, historically, it was only too explicable and natural—the making of wealth here by creative activity has become as *verboten* as treading on the grass was said to be in pre-1914 Prussia. The only form of wealth-making permitted to men in our prim mid-twentieth-century Welfare State is gambling, which makes not wealth itself but a mere semblance of it. We

have become the State of the go-slows, the tread-on-your-toes, the never-never boys.

There is a tremendous amount to be said for socialism. I am using the word, not in its narrow party sense, but in the broad sense common to all political parties in Britain today. The so-called Conservative Party, for instance, has proved over the past thirty years a far more efficient instrument of socialisation than the so-called Labour Party, and the present Chancellor of the Exchequer can justly be regarded as the greatest socialist administrator, with the possible exception of Neville Chamberlain, that any democratic nation has yet produced. Such socialism at its best—and in Britain it has been seen at its very best—has achieved immense reforms and ameliorated the immediate conditions of countless millions. If only human beings were instinctively virtuous, industrious and efficient it would be by far the best system of government conceivable. Yet it has one overwhelming defect. It is not compatible with human nature and, for that reason, cannot, in the long run, work. And so long as we continue to practise it we shall find ourselves, just as the later Romans did when they, under another name, practised it in the last two centuries of the Empire—growing steadily

poorer. Little by little, if this kindly and well-intentioned cemetery philosophy is not discarded, the dykes will grow weaker, the ability to craftsmanship less, the food more synthetic, the character of the population more anæmic and helpless, the sense of responsibility feebler. We have a long way to go before the end is reached, but if we continue on our present course the end is certain. For no one will have any incentive—or opportunity—to make great effort, to overcome inertia, to live ardently and fully. However disguised in its early and remedial stages, socialism is the political science of the undertaker's shop. Its ultimate goal is the graveyard.

So, with a feeling of deep gratitude, I cannot help saying, "Hail, Canada!" Its people are creating a magnificent new nation where the priceless beliefs and traditions which Britain has evolved over the centuries can be preserved and widened under conditions of hope and opportunity which no longer exist in Britain itself. And perhaps, before we take another turn in our winding-sheet, the realisation of what Canada is achieving and becoming may cause us to recall and renew our own ancient belief in freedom. And even if it fails to do so and we continue, under the direction of our rule-of-thumb, blinkered bureaucracy, to roll ourselves up in our own shroud, it may still awaken in the people of an overcrowded island of closed horizons and dwindling prospects a realisation of the immense opportunity awaiting them beyond the Atlantic. There is nothing Britain and her people could not do if they would only return to the unchanging principles that made them great. But if their rulers will not let them do so in their own land—so dear, so vulnerable, so pathetically imperilled—the door to the British West lies wide open for those with the courage and faith to go.

"TULYAR" SOLD FOR £250,000 TO THE IRISH NATIONAL STUD.



SOLD TO THE IRISH NATIONAL STUD FOR THE GREATEST PRICE EVER PAID FOR A RACEHORSE OR STALLION IN THIS COUNTRY: THE AGA KHAN'S TULYAR, WHICH LAST YEAR BROKE ALL RACING RECORDS. On February 5 the Board of the Irish National Stud announced that they had purchased *Tulyar* from the Aga Khan for £250,000—the highest price ever paid for a racehorse or stallion in this country. It was reported that the Aga Khan had been offered an even higher price than this by American breeders but had accepted the lower price in order to keep *Tulyar* on this side of the Atlantic. At the date of writing it was not yet certain whether this great stallion would go to stud immediately or would remain in training for another season. If he races again, he would carry the colours of the President of Eire, and, it is believed, would remain with his present trainer, Mr. M. Marsh, at Newmarket. During 1952 *Tulyar* won the Derby, the St. Leger, the Eclipse Stakes and the King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth Stakes. He is described as an ideal type of sire, capable of transmitting not only brilliance but also grit and equable temperament.

ANIMALS IN THE FLOODS: RESCUE AND CARE FOR PETS AND FARM STOCK.



CARRYING A SUITCASE AND HIS CAGE OF PET CANARIES: ONE OF THE MANY CANVEY ISLAND RESIDENTS FORCED TO EVACUATE THEIR HOMES.



ILLUSTRATING THE THOUGHTFULNESS OF RESCUE WORKERS: FOOD FOR CHICKENS WHOSE OWNERS WERE ABLE TO INDICATE THEIR WHEREABOUTS.



PUTTING A FLOATING BATH TO GOOD USE: A P.D.S.A. RESCUE UNIT TAKING A DOG TO A RECEPTION CENTRE ON CANVEY ISLAND.



WAITING TO BE CLAIMED: A RESCUED CANVEY ISLAND DOG, PATHETIC AND HOPEFUL, AT OUR DUMB FRIENDS' LEAGUE KENNELS AT WILLESSEN.



AT THE P.D.S.A. CENTRE ON THE LONDON-SOUTHEND ROAD: DOGS, A PONY, A PARROT AND A BUDGERIGAR BEING CARED FOR UNTIL CLAIMED.



NOW LABELLED WITH THE NAME OF HIS OWNER: A CAT WHICH ARRIVED, BEDRAGGLED, AT BENFIELD PRIMARY SCHOOL, WHERE HE WAS RECOGNISED.



FOUND FLOATING ON A BED IN A FLOODED BUNGALOW ON CANVEY ISLAND: A FRIGHTENED PIG BEING CARRIED TO SAFETY BY A R.S.P.C.A. OFFICIAL.



FEEDING HER PUPPY, WHICH SHE MANAGED TO RESCUE: A LITTLE GIRL WHOSE PEOPLE LOST THEIR HOME AND POSSESSIONS ON CANVEY ISLAND.



AN UNWILLING EVACUEE: A DUCK BEING TAKEN FROM THE WATER, IN ORDER THAT IT MAY BE RESTORED TO ITS OWNER, BY RESCUERS IN A SMALL BOAT.

Animals as well as human beings suffered in the flood disaster. In Kent, where 40,000 acres were inundated, the animals lost in the area of Faversham, Sittingbourne and the Isle of Sheppey totalled some 4000 sheep, over 400 cattle and some 100 pigs. Every effort was made to save the beasts. Cattle markets in Lincolnshire were converted into animal accommodation centres, but rescue was difficult, as the terrified creatures were hard to handle. The R.S.P.C.A. were on February 7 stated to have rescued 10,390 animals and birds. These included farm stock, cats,

dogs, tame rabbits, ferrets, tame mice, a monkey and several tortoises still in their winter sleep. Owners made strenuous efforts to save their pets, and some refused to enter rescue craft until there was space for their dogs. Cats were carried to safety in bags and in their owners' arms, and some people waited for rescue on roofs and on pieces of furniture in flooded houses holding their pets. The P.D.S.A. and other animal protection societies did splendid work caring for pets as yet unclaimed, some no doubt belonging to people who had been drowned.



A SHEERNESS HOUSEHOLDER BRINGS HOME THE MILK AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES AND DELIVERS THEM BY BOAT TO HIS MAROONED FAMILY.



GIFTS OF CLOTHES FOR THE FLOOD VICTIMS PILED UP OUTSIDE THE PREMISES OF THE WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES IN EATON SQUARE, BELGRAVIA. TWENTY ROOMS WERE ALREADY FULL.



MORE GIFTS OF CLOTHES FOR THE FLOOD VICTIMS BEING PACKED INTO SACKS AT THE SALVATION ARMY "GOOD WILL CENTRE," IN NEW NORTH ROAD, LONDON, N.I.



TWO AMERICAN AIRMEN, BOTH FROM PENNSYLVANIA AND STATIONED AT HUNSTANTON, HANDING OVER GIFTS OF FOOD TO HUNSTANTON FLOOD REFUGEES.



TAKEN AT AN EARLY STAGE IN THE THAMES ESTUARY FLOODS: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF DERELICT AIRCRAFT IN A COMPLETELY SUBMERGED DISUSED AIRFIELD.



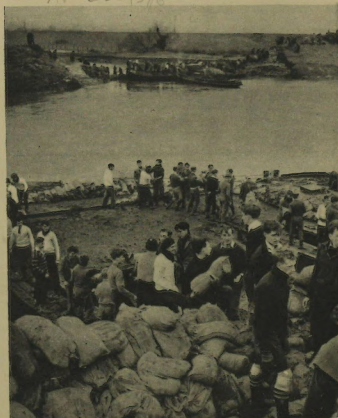
ONE OF THE MOST ASTONISHING VICTIMS OF THE STORM: THE SUBMARINE *HADDOCK*, WHICH WAS SUNK IN A SHEERNESS DRY-DOCK WHEN THE FLOOD-WATERS INVADED THE NAVAL DOCKYARD.



R.A.F. MEN LOADING SANDBAGS INTO A BARGE FROM THE BENTLEY-CANVEN ISLAND BRIDGE. IN THIS WAY SANDBAGS WERE TAKEN BY WATER DIRECT TO BREACHES IN THE SEA-WALL.

February 8 the Lord Mayor's National Flood and Tempest Distress Fund had then reached £165,000, but that although a staff of about fifty had been working on the mail through the week-end, fifteen mailbags were still unopened and at the Post Office there were many more mailbags still awaiting delivery. Other

(Continued opposite.)



A VOLUNTEER FORCE OF CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATES SANDBAGGING A BREACH IN THE BANKS OF THE RIVER OUSE ALONG THE LINE BETWEEN KING'S LYNN AND DOWNHAM MARKET.

THE AFTERMATH OF THE SEA-FLOOD IN ENGLAND: FROM MABLETHORPE TO MARGATE—IMPRESSIONS

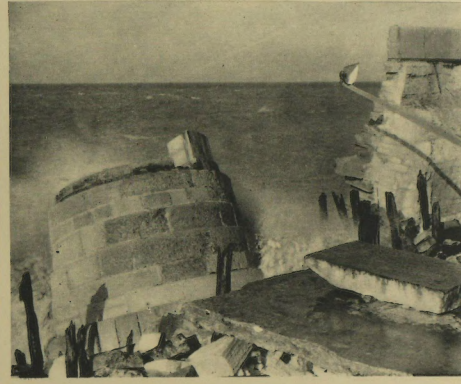


AS AFFLICTING AFTERMATH OF THE FLOOD: MUD AND SAND LEFT BY THE RETREATING WATERS IN A MABLETHORPE HOUSE, TO A HEIGHT HALFWAY UP THE GROUND FLOOR.

OF THE DEVASTATION, RESCUE AND REPAIR WORK, AND THE IMMENSE PROBLEMS WHICH STILL REMAIN.

THE FRIGATE *REERLEY CASTLE*, WHICH WAS STANDING ON TIMBER SHORING IN A SHEERNESS DRY-DOCK WHEN THE FLOOD-WATERS WASHED AWAY THE TIMBER AND CAPSIZED THE SHIP.

(Continued.) centres of the Fund's organisation were likewise receiving generous gifts. In Leicester the Fund had reached £14,032 by February 7; in Bradford, £10,736 had been contributed in two days; in Edinburgh, £5,803 was given. The Durham County Mining Federation Board decided to raise £20,000 by a levy. Blankets and vitamin capsules arrived by air from a U.S. organisation. The Italian Consulate opened a special subscription, and goods and money and clothing continued to arrive at various depôts in huge quantities. More than 14,000 Servicemen were working in the flooded areas; and 20,000,000 sandbags had been used, though more were needed. It was stated in the Commons that extra coal was being sent to the flood areas.



THE END OF THE JETTY AT MARGATE, SHOWING THE DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY THE STORM, WITH PART OF THE WRECKED LIGHTHOUSE JUST SHOWING ABOVE THE WAVES.



A PICTURE WHICH GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE PROBLEMS THAT REMAIN AFTER THE FLOOD HAS RECESSED: A SAND-FILLED STREET IN SUTTON-ON-SEA, LINCOLNSHIRE.

THE INUNDATIONS ON THE EAST COAST: AERIAL VIEWS OF FLOODED AREAS.



AT LOW TIDE THE WATER POURS BACK THROUGH A BREACH IN THE SEA WALL; ONLY TO RETURN AT THE NEXT HIGH TIDE: AN AERIAL VIEW OF PART OF THE FLOODING ON DARTFORD MARSHES.



INUNDATED BY THE SEA, WHICH BROKE OVER THE SEA WALL: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE HOLIDAY BUNGALOW DISTRICT OF JAYWICK SANDS, NEAR CLACTON, ON FEBRUARY 2.



WHERE THE SEA WALL WAS BREACHED IN OVER FORTY PLACES AND ABOUT FIFTY-FIVE PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES: AN AERIAL VIEW OF CANVEY ISLAND.

These aerial photographs, taken on February 2 over the flooded areas on the east coast, give a dramatic picture of the disaster and the damage and desolation it brought in its train. The death-roll on Canvey Island was at first reported as being 100, but the latest figures at the time of writing have been corrected to fifty-five, with only a few of the missing still unaccounted for. Over forty breaches were made in the sea wall protecting the island by the raging seas, but owing to the great efforts made by troops and civilian volunteers, these were reported on February 7 to have been closed and capable of withstanding normal tides. The



SHOWING THE SEA WALL ON THE RIGHT: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE INUNDATED BUILDINGS OF A HOSPITAL ON DARTFORD MARSHES ON FEBRUARY 2.

danger period was expected to be when the spring tides flowed, beginning on February 13. On February 9 there were some residential areas still under about 2 ft. of water. An air survey of the 250-mile coastline between Margate and the Humber estuary has been carried out by *Lancaster* aircraft of No. 82 Squadron, Bomber Command, and two *Mosquito* squadrons for the Ministry of Housing and Local Government, involving the taking of thousands of photographs from a height of 2500 ft. These should provide valuable information when the time comes for long-term planning to prevent a recurrence of the disaster.

MATTERS MARITIME: WARSHIPS, LINERS, AND CARGO-BOATS FEATURED IN THE NEWS.



ON FIRE AFTER AN EXPLOSION IN WHICH THREE MEN WERE KILLED AND THIRTY-SEVEN WERE INJURED: THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *INDOMITABLE* OFF MALTA.



SHOWING THE BLACKENED HULL OF *INDOMITABLE* AFTER THE EXPLOSION AND FIRE: A VIEW OF THE CARRIER IN HARBOUR AT MALTA, WHERE THE INJURED WERE LANDED. On February 3, while the aircraft-carrier *Indomitable* was on exercises off Malta, an explosion occurred on board in a space adjacent to the hangar. One man was blown overboard, two others were killed, and thirty-seven were injured. Fire broke out, but was brought under control in 45 minutes, and the carrier entered harbour to land the injured men. The hull was scorched and one cutter was burnt out, but the hangar and the ship's aircraft were undamaged. The carrier is a vessel of 23,500 tons.



DOCKED UNDER HER OWN POWER WITHOUT THE AID OF TUGS: THE *QUEEN MARY* COMING ALONGSIDE PIER 90 IN NEW YORK. THE *CARONIA* IS ON THE RIGHT.

On February 6 Captain D. Sorrell brought the *Queen Mary* into dock at New York under her own power, owing to a strike of tugboat crews. He thus emulated the feat of Sir Robert Irving, who docked the *Queen Mary* in 1938 during a tugmen's strike. Usually about eight tugs are employed in berthing one of these large liners. On February 7 the *Queen Mary* and the *Ile de France* sailed from New York without the aid of tugs. On February 4 the *Caronia* damaged the pier when berthing without tugs.



DAMAGED BY THE 34,000-TON LINER *CARONIA* WHEN BERTHING WITHOUT TUGBOATS IN NEW YORK ON FEBRUARY 4: THE 30-FT. GASH IN THE CONCRETE BALCONY OF PIER 90.



FLYING DISTRESS SIGNALS AND CARRYING IMPROVISED SAILS: THE NORWEGIAN SHIP *BERTRAND* BEING APPROACHED BY THE DESTROYER *CAPERION* OFF PUERTO RICO.

Flying distress signals and carrying improvised sails which barely gave her steerage way, the disabled Norwegian ship *Bertrand* was found by the U.S. destroyer *Caperton* some 90 miles north of Puerto Rico recently. The *Bertrand*, out of fuel and unable to make contact by radio, had been adrift for ten days when *Caperton* picked up a lifeboat carrying six of the ship's crew who had set out in search of help. Our photograph shows the destroyer approaching the *Bertrand*.



CARRYING OIL FROM ABADAN TO ITALY: THE 3600-TON ITALIAN OIL-TANKER *MIRIELLA* ENTERING THE SUEZ CANAL EN ROUTE FOR PORT SAID.

The Italian tanker *Miriella* left Abadan on January 21 with a cargo of Persian oil for an unknown destination. On February 6 she passed through the Suez Canal. On February 8 the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company published a warning in the Italian Press that all steps would be taken to protect the company's rights against those handling oil from Persia. The tanker is chartered by the Italian Supor Company and it is believed that the Bubenbergh Company of Switzerland are recorded as owning the cargo.



MR. JOHN EHRLMAN, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. John Ehrman was born in 1920 and educated at Charterhouse and Trinity College, Cambridge. He served in the Navy from 1940-45. He returned to Cambridge, where he was a Fellow of Trinity College from 1947-51. At present he is working in the Cabinet Offices and is engaged on writing the volume on "Grand Strategy from 1943-45" in the official history of World War II.

he embarked (a suitable term) on his undertaking, his frame of mind might have been represented by the phrase: "Give me a tough job to do and I'll see it through." "I wish to record," says he, "my gratitude to the Master and Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, who provided the opportunity and the reward for undertaking this work, and two of whom gave me assistance without which it could not have been completed in its present form. Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, then Master, gave me the great benefit of his advice and support in conditions which were not always easy for research. Dr. G. N. Clark, at that time at Cambridge, suggested the subject and supervised its treatment. Whatever I may have learned of historical method has been from him, and I am very glad that I can here record my debt. This book was written to a time limit, and my subsequent work has been such as to prevent me from re-checking references as I should have liked, and from following the subject further in detail. I must therefore apologise for any errors that I may have committed in transcribing references, and for not mentioning certain articles and publications that have appeared since 1949."

There was a member of my college at Cambridge, which was and is next door to Mr. Ehrman's, who was the great Lord Strafford, executed by the Roundheads: his motto was "Thorough." It might well be Mr. Ehrman's. Whether or not, had Dr. G. N. Clark, who "suggested the subject and supervised its treatment" in respect of this book, recommended Mr. Ehrman to write a History of the British Fishing Fleet, or The Rise and Development of the Margarine Industry, Mr. Ehrman with his zest for work, would have taken "the opportunity and the reward," I cannot say, but can merely conjecture. His phraseology certainly suggests that he was eager, like a ferret wanting to be put down a hole. This book proves him a first-rate ferret. And he follows his prey to the end. He doesn't "lie up." He ought, should a vacancy occur at a suitable time, to become Librarian to the Admiralty: goodness knows what he wouldn't bring up in his trawl there.

"War" is in the title of his book. There is naturally some war in his narrative. Outstanding amongst the battles is that fight against the French which is commonly called the Battle of La Hogue. This engagement Mr. Ehrman more correctly calls "Barfleur": "I have called the whole action by this name for convenience. There were, in fact, the two distinct engagements, off Barfleur (or off Cape La Hague) and in the bay of La Hougue; and that is the system which obtains for battle honours to-day. The action is often, however, called La Hogue, and has recently been perpetuated as such in the naming of a new destroyer. There is, in fact, no such place." There might have been an even more vital sea-fight had the wind been in another quarter and the Dutch Usurper, with no interest at all in England but a

THE BRITISH FLEET IN THE DAYS OF DUTCH WILLIAM.

"THE NAVY IN THE WAR OF WILLIAM III., 1689-1697. ITS STATE AND DIRECTION"; by JOHN EHRLMAN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

great desire for English help against the French, had been intercepted by the English Navy on his way to Torbay. The wind which blew his fleet down the Channel to a convenient landing-place in Devonshire kept the English fleet weather-bound at a time when its officers, who had no liking for disloyalty, might have declared for the King and fought the Dutch—for long their traditional enemies. What the results would have been no man can say: the French landing, which after "La Hogue" became inconceivable, might have happened. As things went, the conflict with France brought the English Navy to the top; this country, as usual, only really got going when it was in a tight corner. "In the twenty-five years from 1689 to 1714, twenty-one of which—from 1689 to 1697 and again from 1702 to 1714—were occupied by wars with France, England became the dominating sea-power of Europe. Throughout the half-century that followed, as the classic authority on the subject has remarked, 'on the

was far more difficult in those days) merely to victual a fleet. Seamen were not paid very much, and their pay was sometimes (because of absence abroad, shortage of money at Headquarters, and (*inter alia*) embezzling pursers) years in arrears. But they were entitled to a weekly ration of food and drink which our present democratic dieticians would think shockingly excessive. Seven pounds of biscuit (wheaten) heads the list; there were also 4 lb. of beef, 2 lb. of pork, 2 pints of peas, a quantum of fish, 6 ozs. of butter, 12 ozs. of cheese and 7 gallons (to wit, a gallon a day) of beer, which might to-day be deemed (especially as it was free) not too bad by a blast-furnaceman. That was what the men were entitled to; the difficulty was to get it to them, and to get it to them in good condition. "In the first year of the war, the Navy reckoned on having to cater for 10,000 men at these rates for twelve months, and in the event it had to feed over 20,000; for the next few years, it worked out its

quantities on the basis of 30,000 men for twelve months. In other words, it had to feed a population larger than that of any town in England, except London, and almost half that of the capital itself within its walls, at a higher and more uniform rate than that employed by any urban population. These 30,000 men, moreover, were constantly on the move, coming and going for indefinite periods . . . and calling on different markets to meet their demands. With other populations of a similar size, such as those of Bristol and Norwich, the numbers to be catered for were fairly constant, and they remained in geographically the same position. But to feed a floating Bristol and Norwich, which had to store its food for long periods at a time, and was apt to turn up in different places upon the coast demanding to be victualled immediately, was a problem which no other organisation in the country had to face." Old novelists, and modern writers about old times, often refer to defective "salt-horse" and weevil-ridden biscuits. No wonder.

Mr. Ehrman supplies "all the answers" about food; he who should wish for information about methods of recruitment and promotion, the development of dockyards, the method of keeping accounts, the procurement of supplies, or shipbuilding, will find what he wants here—

though there is no lack of information about naval encounters, or naval and political personalities, some of whom seem to have been as doggedly individual, pertinacious and pugnacious as their successors "Jackie" Fisher and "Charlie" Beresford. That is not to be regretted: mass-produced naval officers would result in a dull and consequently a defeated Navy.

I cannot convey a clear idea of this—according to period—first-rater, seventy-four, or Dreadnought among books. The lively passages of narrative and characterisation are embedded in mounds of blue-bookish statistics and lists; we are even given the names

of the men and women who supplied the Navy with its meat and its peas. Spenser has been called "the poets' poet." Mr. Ehrman, I think, might be described as "a historians' historian." He will be a valuable source of information for his successors in Naval History; he will save them endless trouble. But, for the layman, his is a book to be dipped into occasionally. My duty has obliged me to read it consecutively through. That hasn't entailed on me a tithe of the labour to which Mr. Ehrman's thousands of footnotes attest. But I did think at the end of several days' close perusal: "And So to Bed!"

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 254 of this issue.



THE DOCKYARD AT PLYMOUTH: VIEW AND PLANS. THE INSET PLAN (LEFT) SHOWS THE POINT FACING INLAND IN 1689, WITH A DESIGN OF THE YARD OUTLINED UPON IT. THE OTHER PLAN SHOWS IT AS IT APPEARS WITH THE BUILDINGS ERECTED AS DESIGNED, BUT WITH A PART STILL UNFINISHED; DRAWN IN 1698.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Navy in the War of William III., 1689-1697"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Cambridge University Press.

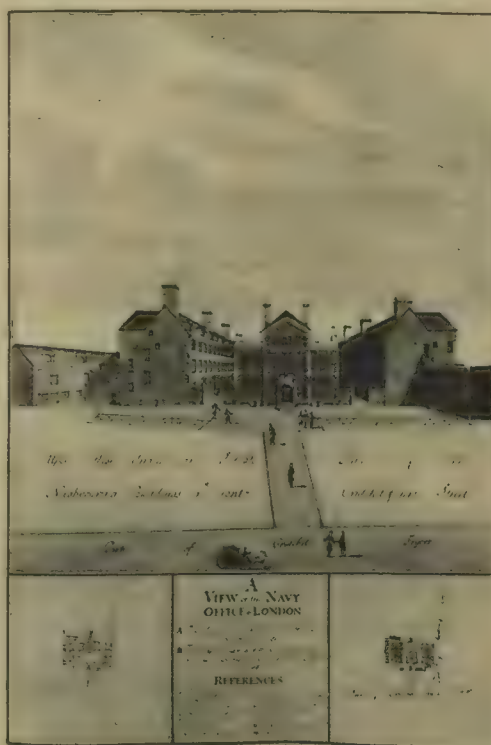


ARTHUR HERBERT, EARL OF TORRINGTON. 1647-1716, ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

By R. White after J. Riley.

few occasions in which [the Navy] is called on to fight, its superiority is so marked that the affairs can scarcely be called battles.' At the earlier date, the English fleet was second in size and quality to the French, and to contemporaries seemed not greatly superior to the Dutch. At the later date, the Dutch had fallen out of the race, while the French had been outstripped in numbers and had for nine years declined any serious challenge at sea. At the accession of William III., England was one of the three leading sea-powers; at the accession of George I., she was the leading sea-power, without a rival or even a companion." That suited our book. We could still feed ourselves; not having yet reached the hopelessly unstable position of population in excess of our native resources. But, although we could, had we suddenly been detached from the planet, have kept ourselves fed, clothed and sheltered, we relied on overseas trade for our envied and enviable prosperity, and even for many of the materials necessary to the Navy which had to protect that overseas trade. Supremacy, on bases firmly laid by Samuel Pepys (whose youthful Diary seems to have led many people to think that he was a self-indulgent *flâneur* whose theme-song was "And So to Bed"), was achieved; and for 200 years it was retained, much to the benefit of humanity at large as well as this country. "The Two-Power Standard," to the younger generation, is probably a meaningless phrase; and, were the meaning of it explained to them, they would probably say: "Don't be ridiculous; nobody could live up to that." But their ancestors did not think thus.

And a big Navy is a difficult thing to run. A large portion of Mr. Ehrman's encyclopaedic work is devoted to matters of construction, enlistment, supply and finance. Think, for example, what it means (and it



THE NAVY OFFICE IN CRUTCHED FRIARS: VIEWS AND PLANS. 1688-1698. THE BUILDINGS, WITH AN ANNUAL RENT OF £600, WERE QUITE SUBSTANTIAL, AS MAY BE SEEN FROM THE PLAN. THE OFFICE WAS REMOVED TO SOMERSET HOUSE IN 1780.

* "The Navy in the War of William III., 1689-1697. Its State and Direction." By John Ehrman, M.A., Sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Illustrated. (Cambridge University Press; 63s.)

IN DANGER OF DECAY: WESTMINSTER ABBEY—OUR NOBLE INHERITANCE.



FAST FALLING INTO DECAY: A BOSS IN THE DEANERY WHICH ALMOST CERTAINLY ONCE BORE THE ARMS OF ABBOT LITLYNGTON.



ON THE PARAPET ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE NAVE: CORRODED CUSPS BADLY IN NEED OF REPAIR; AND (RIGHT) A RESTORED CUSP. THE MOST DANGEROUS PLACES IN THE ABBEY ARE HIGH UP.



SHOWING THE CONDITION OF PART OF THE 14TH-CENTURY VAULTING IN THE SOUTH CLOISTER. THE X (LEFT) INDICATES A VOUSSOIR SECURED BY WIRING.



IN URGENT NEED OF REPAIR: A HEAVY PARAPET LEANING INWARDS AND SHORED UP AGAINST THE ROOF AT THE JUNCTION BETWEEN THE NAVE AND NORTH TRANSEPT.



"A LIVING SPRING OF HOPE AND INSPIRATION": WESTMINSTER ABBEY, FOR WHICH MR. CHURCHILL LAUNCHED A £1,000,000 APPEAL ON JANUARY 30. THE QUEEN WAS THE FIRST SUBSCRIBER TO THE FUND.



A VIEW LOOKING UP A BUTTRESS OF THE NAVE. THE RESTORED STONE ON THE RIGHT IS AT THE ORIGINAL LEVEL; THE OLD STONE (LEFT) HAS LOST FROM 2 TO 4 INS. BY EROSION. THE INTERIOR OF THE ABBEY ALSO URGENTLY NEEDS ATTENTION.



BADLY CRACKED: A NORMAN SCALLOP CAPITAL IN ST. KATHERINE'S CHAPEL. TWO SCALLOPS FELL IN THE SPRING OF 1952; A CONSTANT WATCH HAS TO BE KEPT TO RETRIEVE AND PRESERVE FALLING FRAGMENTS.

As recorded in our last issue, Mr. Winston Churchill, on January 30, launched an appeal for £1,000,000 on behalf of Westminster Abbey to save it "from decay and ruin." Mr. Churchill said: "Shall we in this valiant generation allow this building to moulder under our eyes? Both the monuments and the stonework of centuries are falling into decay, and the soot of London must be cleaned away if we are to prevent the stones from crumbling. . . . Our generation would indeed

be held to shame by those who come afterwards if we failed to preserve this noble inheritance." The Surveyor of the Fabric has drawn up a list of repairs which are urgent. The most dangerous places are high up out of sight, but anyone who walks through the South and West Cloisters can see there how far decay of the stonework has gone and why it is vital to act quickly. A thorough cleaning of the interior, encrusted with the grime of ages, is equally urgent.

NO LONGER NEUTRALISED BY THE U.S. SEVENTH FLEET: OF CHINA, WHOSE TROOPS ARE



THE CAPITAL OF FORMOSA—THE CHINESE NATIONALIST ISLAND STRONGHOLD: A VIEW OF ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS OF TAIPEI, WHERE GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK HAS HIS HEADQUARTERS.



A TERMINUS OF THE FORMOSAN RAILWAY, WHICH HAS A TOTAL LENGTH OF ABOUT 620 MILES AND IS UNDER PROVINCIAL CONTROL: THE RAILWAY STATION AT TAIPEI.



ARMS AND THE MAN: A CHINESE NATIONALIST CAVALRY UNIT PARADING FOR DRILL ON THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA AND PERHAPS DESTINED FOR GUERRILLA WARFARE.



THE PREMIER OF THE NATIONAL REPUBLIC OF CHINA: GENERAL CHEN CHENG. A FEW WEEKS AGO IT WAS REPORTED HE WOULD GO INTO TEMPORARY RETIREMENT.



ON MANŌUVRES: CHINESE NATIONALIST TROOPS DRIVING A TANK OUT OF A L.S.T. ON THE COAST OF FORMOSA LAST YEAR.



THE ASSAULT ON THE BEACHES OF FORMOSA: NATIONALIST TROOPS UNDERGOING TRAINING IN AMPHIBIOUS WARFARE IN PREPARATION FOR AN ATTACK ON THE MAINLAND AND SEEN CHARGING ASHORE FROM LANDING-CRAFT.

On June 27, 1950, President Truman announced that American air and sea forces had been ordered to give cover and support to the South Koreans, and pointed out that in the circumstances the occupation of Formosa by Chinese Communist forces would be a direct threat to the security of the Pacific area and to the American troops in that area. He said: "Accordingly, I have ordered the Seventh Fleet

to prevent any attack on Formosa. As a corollary of this action I am calling upon the Chinese Government on Formosa to cease all sea and air operations against the mainland. The Seventh Fleet will see that this is done." On February 2 President Eisenhower went to the Capitol to deliver his State of the Union Message to a joint session of Congress and announced that he was "issuing

FORMOSA, ISLAND HOME OF THE NATIONAL REPUBLIC FREE TO INVADE THE MAINLAND.



SHOWING A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE ON THE RIGHT: A VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS DISTRICT IN TAIPEI, HEADQUARTERS OF THE NATIONAL REPUBLIC OF CHINA.



ON THE BALCONY OF THE CITY HALL IN TAIPEI: RECRUITS TO THE CHINESE NATIONALIST ARMY APPEAR BEFORE THEIR FRIENDS AND RELATIVES IN THE SQUARE BELOW AFTER BEING SWORN IN.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL REPUBLIC OF CHINA: GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK, WHO IS NOW FREE TO LEAD HIS FORCES AGAINST THE COMMUNISTS.



EARLY-MORNING PHYSICAL TRAINING ON FORMOSA: RECRUITS TO THE CHINESE NATIONALIST ARMY ON THE BARBACK SQUARE, PREPARING FOR THE HEAVY TASK AHEAD.



REHEARSING FOR AN INVASION OF COMMUNIST CHINA: NATIONALIST TROOPS BEING CARRIED ASHORE ON ARMOURD VEHICLES DURING EXERCISES ON THE COAST OF FORMOSA, WHICH WERE PERFORMED UNDER REALISTIC CONDITIONS.

Instructions that the Seventh Fleet no longer be employed to shield Communist China," and went on to make it clear that these instructions implied no aggressive intent. On February 3 General Chiang Kai-shek, who resumed the Presidency of the National Republic of China on March 1, 1950, issued a statement welcoming President Eisenhower's decision. The Chinese Nationalists have about 500,000



A UNIT OF THE CHINESE NATIONALIST NAVY: THE DESTROYER ESCORT ZAI-HUI, WITH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AT THE ALERT.

troops on Formosa, of whom some 300,000 are at present available for offensive operations. The Nationalists claim, however, that an organised force of 880,000 guerrillas is now operating on the mainland and that military supplies are being sent to them. The Nationalist Navy consists of seven destroyers, fourteen frigates and a number of smaller craft, many of them suitable for amphibious warfare.

GENERAL GUILLAUME, Resident-General in Morocco, spoke at the end of last month to the American Club in Paris on the subject of the alliance between Communism and nationalism. Morocco was naturally the chief subject of his address, but from it his gaze passed on to Cairo and beyond that to Asia. One of the features of Communist policy and one of the chief instruments of its success wherever that has been attained is to be found in the use of tools or instruments which are destined to be discarded when they have served their turn. Temporary support for farming interests, afterwards to be rigidly dragooned, and exterminated when they prove unyielding, is an outstanding instance of this. Yet nationalism, where it can be brought into conflict with "capitalist" Powers, is a more potent weapon. Cases have indeed occurred of two nationalistic movements, antagonistic to each other, being encouraged simultaneously. As a principle, nationalism, except Russian nationalism in Russia, is not approved of by Communism, but it often proves valuable in helping to do Communism's work for it.

General Guillaume asserted that at the end of the war the Moroccan Communist Party, making use of trade unions subservient to it, managed to enlist the floating population of the towns and in particular of Casablanca. He went on to say that an alliance had been established between it and the extreme nationalist organisation, the Istiqlal. "Communism prepared the way for the Istiqlal, which in turn borrowed from it its totalitarian methods." Should the plans of these allies succeed, it can safely be prophesied that Moroccan nationalism would go the way of other nationalisms which have striven to maintain their independence against Communism. Meanwhile, however, the alliance is strong and difficult to combat. It combines the forces of patriotism and economic unrest. There is no doubt of the truth of General Guillaume's view. At the same time, the representatives of nations which find themselves at odds with

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. NATIONALISM IN MOROCCO.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Delcassé in face of a virtual threat of war, proved to be a short-lived triumph. In the following year Germany found herself isolated and diplomatically defeated at the Algeiras Conference. France then pursued a forward policy: the landing at Casablanca to save European nationals from massacre, the expedition into the Chaouia, the march on Fez, and the capture of Marrakech. Spain likewise extended her zone in 1909. Then she became involved in trouble with her former protégé, Raisuli, and finally reoccupied Tetuan after over half a century.

On the outbreak of the First World War, Lyautey, then Resident-General, was directed to strip Morocco in order to furnish troops for the French front, and to withdraw the rest to the coast, except for Fez and a line of communications to it. He decided that it would be less risky to hold on to the pacified zone even with gravely reduced strength. His policy was accepted with some misgiving. He sent to France more troops than were demanded, but remained where he stood. It was not until after the war that the real test came. The first blows, however, fell upon the Spaniards. In 1921 they suffered disaster at the hands of Abd el Krim, and the fruits of a dozen years in Eastern Morocco were lost in three weeks. Much of the ground was recovered in difficult campaigns, but at the end of 1924 Primo de Rivera withdrew to fortified lines about Tetuan. The Spanish Protectorate was to all intents and purposes at an end. Abd el Krim established a "Republic of the Rif."

In 1925 he inflicted a defeat on the French, though not such a disaster as had befallen the Spaniards.

registered to the credit of the Moroccan chiefs. Trouble came after both wars, though it has been very much less serious since the Second than it was after the First. It is not, however, yet over.

If the future of France in Morocco depended upon her relations with the peoples of the open country, there would be small need for worry about it. Men of the type of General Guillaume, who commanded

the *Goumiers* in Italy and France, have won prestige and even affection with the country people. As always, however, it is the townsmen who are political and vocal. On the way in which France deals with them will depend whether or not the programme of which General Guillaume spoke, that of increasing the share of Moroccans in managing the affairs of their country, of progressively democratising their institutions and decentralising the administration, will be given its chance. It would be idle to suggest that the signs are altogether promising, though perhaps they are more so lately than a year ago. It is necessary only to utter the word "colonialism" to-day in order to create bitterness and to put into the shade achievements such as those of France in Morocco. Yet France has transformed Morocco without breaking up Arab and Berber culture and civilisation. Even if European colonisation in Africa and Asia is unreservedly condemned by history, which is unlikely, it will assuredly be recognised that the work of France in North Africa was inspired by sympathetic consideration and respect for what was best in the native culture.

Of the work of Lyautey M. André Maurois writes: "The rule was made that the European town should be separate from the native, primarily to preserve the charm of the latter, and also because 'we must respect not only the appearance of the native cities, but also their customs and ways of life, whether social or religious.'" And Lyautey himself said: "There are people who regard colonial enterprises as barbarian. What stupidity! Wherever I have gone it has been



GENERAL GUILLAUME (WITH ARMS STRETCHED OUT), THE FRENCH RESIDENT-GENERAL IN MOROCCO, PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE VISITING THE SCENES OF THE RIOTING AT CASABLANCA ON DECEMBER 7, 8 AND 9.

In his article on this page, Captain Falls describes the historical background to the present state of tension in Morocco, and in particular the remarks of General Guillaume, the French Resident-General, on the peculiar but sinister alliance between Communists and extreme Nationalists in that country. The rioting which first broke out in Casablanca on December 7, resulted in a death-roll, according to



A FILE OF MOROCCAN POLITICAL LEADERS ARRESTED AFTER THE CASABLANCA RIOTS OF DECEMBER 7-9. THE LEADING MAN IS DESCRIBED AS MAJOUR BEN SEDDICK, OF THE MOROCCAN SYNDICALIST MOVEMENT.

official figures, of forty-five. A great number of arrests were made, and these included many leaders and members of both the Moroccan Communist Party and of the Istiqlal. In France the Centre of Catholic Intellectuals was reported to have been negotiating with non-Catholic Left-Wing groups with a view to demanding an official commission of inquiry to investigate the facts regarding the riots.

nationalism in others are inclined to attribute to Communism a part even bigger than that which it actually plays. Nationalism would be strong in Morocco now if Communism did not exist.

The history of France in Morocco is well over a century old. If it is asked what brought her there, the answer must be that one motive overshadowed all others, worthy or the reverse: the impossibility of holding Algeria in peace while it was threatened by this unruly neighbour. Even should the Sultan prove friendly, he could not control the frontier tribes, over whom his rule was but nominal. In the treaty which followed Bugeaud's great victory at Isly, the frontier between Algeria and Morocco was left ill-defined, and each party was given the right to pursue dissident tribes into the territory of the other. As may readily be imagined, these features of the treaty provided the basis for eventual penetration by the French. To begin with, Britain was opposed to the absorption of Morocco by France or Spain, or by the two in combination. After the Spanish campaign of 1860, which resulted in the capture of Tetuan, she virtually bought the Spaniards out of it by floating a loan with the aid of which the Sultan paid off the indemnity which they demanded. Gradually, however, her objections to a forward French and Spanish policy weakened and finally disappeared.

In 1904, France agreed not to obstruct Britain in Egypt, and Britain recognised the right of France "as a Power whose dominions are coterminous for a great distance with those of Morocco," to preserve order there and bring about necessary reforms. This was followed by a Franco-Spanish agreement on spheres of influence in Morocco. Then the Franco-British bargain was strengthened by resentment and anxiety over the hectoring tone of Germany. The notorious visit of the Emperor to Tangier in March, 1905, followed by the resignation of the French Foreign Minister

Then the two protecting Powers, hitherto chilly, recognised that they must co-operate fully and make a great effort or abandon their rôle. The affair became a big war, with some 150,000 French and 75,000 Spaniards engaged. In September a Spanish force, covered by French and Spanish warships, landed in the Bay of Alhucemas, while Pétain struck northward from Taza. The French offensive was continued in 1926 by Boichut, while a telling Spanish blow was delivered by Sanjuro from the Bay of Alhucemas. Hemmed in, Abd el Krim surrendered to Colonel Corap in May. The military problem of both French and Spaniards had been one which the former are now experiencing in Indo-China, that of military posts and their combination with mobile columns. The experts on native affairs—whose markets, clinics and friendly dealings with the people were invaluable—tended to press the military command to establish posts which would keep friends in good heart in quiet times but which were unsound in those of active rebellion. Lyautey realised that the Spanish defeat was due to multiplying small, weak posts, but he himself fell into something like the same error.

After this prolonged and bloody conflict came pacification in the real sense. It seems fair to say that the Spaniards, owing to the personal policy of Primo de Rivera, showed themselves particularly tactful, good-humoured and adroit; but the Berbers came to see also that there were some advantages in French control, such as public services and good roads, even buses running on them. And in the Second World War French Morocco remained tranquil, even when France lay virtually helpless in defeat. It must always be considered a tribute to the moral spirit established by France in Morocco that in the two World Wars she maintained her position, though she did not possess in either the physical power to do so if seriously challenged. The fact must also be

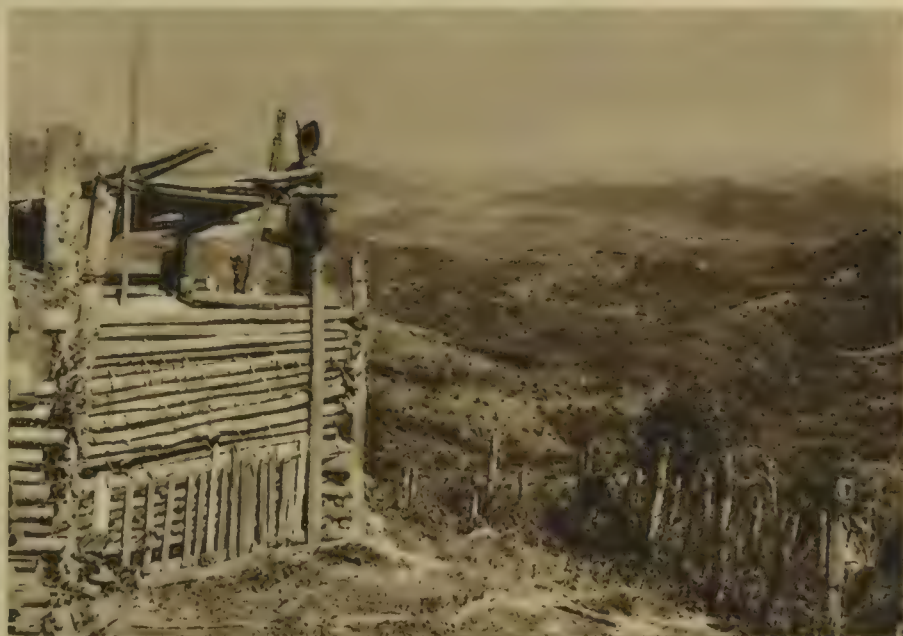
to construct; and whatever I had to destroy I built up again later, more solidly and durably. Our troops left behind them territory restored to peace, scored with roads, and quickening with life; and commercial exchange preceded the exchange of ideas. . . . What a difference from the wars of Europe, which ravage cathedrals and museums and everything irreplaceable, and annihilate in one day the priceless treasures of centuries!" It was a legitimate boast. Whatever the future of Morocco may be, it will carry forward the foundation of its ancient civilisation. That was preserved through the worst troubles, though if French hands had been clumsy it would have been destroyed. Moreover, this preservation has been accompanied by a remarkable advance in material civilisation.

It would be a grave mistake to suppose that this will suffice. In the present mood the benefits conferred by a protecting Power are denied, attributed to selfish interests, or at best taken for granted. It is not a question of what is past but of the present and the future, not in this case of the French record but of the French programme. That will need to be generally acceptable on its own merits—acceptable to the body of the people, taking into account that there will always be irreconcilables who will make their voices heard. Perseverance is worth while—in fact, the tendency in such cases since the Second World War has been to abandon the task too readily rather than to persist in it too long—but not if it should appear that the programme itself is inadequate. Then flexibility would be more effective than obstinacy, even though the risk exists of the former being taken for weakness. I have no doubt that these principles would be acceptable to the wise and experienced General Guillaume, but it is easier to frame principles than to put them into practice. He has before him work which will tax to the utmost all his energy and skill.

THE WAR IN INDO-CHINA: OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE OPERATIONS.



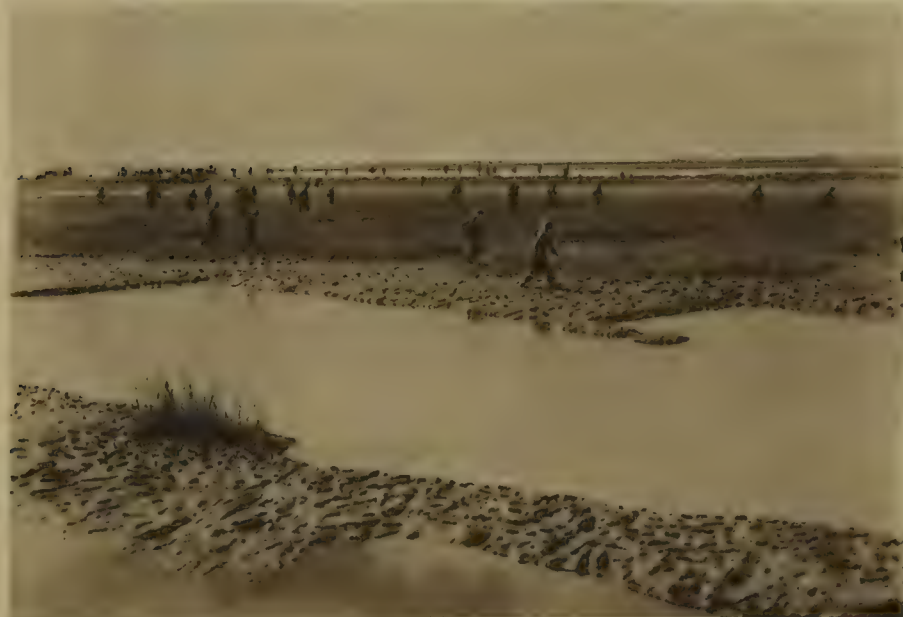
AN IMPORTANT FRENCH MILITARY BASE 250 MILES NORTH OF SAIGON: AN-KHE, SHOWING ONE OF THE FORTIFIED POSTS ON THE PERIMETER.



COMMANDING A FINE VIEW OF THE WOODED AND MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRYSIDE: ONE OF THE POSTS TO THE EAST OF AN-KHE, THE HARD-PRESSED FRENCH GARRISON.



SCENE OF A VIET-MINH OFFENSIVE IN JANUARY: THE REGION NORTH OF AN-KHE, SHOWING A PATROL MAKING ITS WAY THROUGH THE WOODED TERRAIN.



A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE REGION EAST OF THAI-BINH DURING THE IMPORTANT CLEANING-UP OPERATIONS IN MID-JANUARY: FRENCH TROOPS CROSSING A RICE-FIELD.

It was announced on January 30 that French and Viet-Namense forces had landed in the Communist-held Annamese port of Qui-Non, a small port about 40 miles east of An-Khe, with which it is connected by a single track negotiable with difficulty by motor vehicles. The landing, supported by naval forces and fighter-bombers from the aircraft-carrier *Arromanches*, succeeded in achieving complete surprise and putting the Viet-Minh garrison to flight. The object of the landing



AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE ENEMY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE OF LANG DONG: LEADING FRENCH UNITS REPLYING TO THE ENEMY FIRE.

was primarily to create a diversion and relieve pressure on the hard-pressed An-Khe sector. The Viet-Minh launched an offensive in mid-January in the neighbourhood of An-Khe and captured the post of Deo Vang, east of the town. At the same time French troops were engaged in mopping-up operations at Thai-Binh, a few miles from the coast south of the Red River delta, where their mobile groups achieved some successes against Viet-Minh formations.



NEAR THE VILLAGE OF KRUININGEN, WHOSE 2500 INHABITANTS WERE ORDERED TO LEAVE: A BURST DYKE ON THE ISLAND OF SOUTH BEVELAND.



ABANDONED TO THE DESTRUCTIVE FORCES OF THE FLOOD: A DUTCH FARMSTEAD AT ST. MAARTENSDIJK, ON THE ISLAND OF NORTH BEVELAND.

THE BURST DYKES OF HOLLAND: SCENES OF DEVASTATION ON THE ISLANDS OF NORTH AND SOUTH BEVELAND.

On February 6 it was conservatively estimated by a leading Dutch Government engineer that 150 dykes had been broken by the flood-waters in the Netherlands and that about 450,000 acres of the best farmland had been inundated. The islands of North and South Beveland, in Zeeland Province, have suffered severely and when a dyke burst near Kruiningen, on South Beveland, the 2500 inhabitants were ordered to leave and the island has now been completely evacuated, leaving the flood-waters to swirl

round the abandoned homes and farmsteads, but the military route along it has been kept open to connect Walcheren with the mainland. On February 5 it was reported that more dykes had been breached on the island of Goeree-Overflakkee, where there were still hundreds of people, but with the arrival of aircraft, including helicopters, small boats and large rubber life-rafts, the task of moving such large numbers of people from their homes across miles of water has become easier.



LOOKING DOWN ON THE DEVASTATION IN THE ISLAND OF THOLEN, WHERE TRIMLY-CURTAINED WINDOWS LOOK OUT ON A WASTE OF WATERS AND DESOLATE HOMESTEADS.



ONCE A PEACEFUL AND PROSPEROUS STREET IN THE ISLAND OF NORTH BEVELAND—NOW A FEW SHELLS OF HOUSES, WITH COLLAPSED RUINS AMONG THE WATERS.

THOLEN AND NORTH BEVELAND: AERIAL VIEWS OF THE TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION CAUSED IN ZEELAND ISLANDS.

So widespread and so terrible is the devastation suffered in the Zeeland Islands and coastal areas that it is difficult to single out any particular place as the most tragic case, although the tragedy of St. Philipsland, the small island which lay between Tholen, Overflakkee and Schouwen, and has now disappeared completely, must rank high. On Tholen itself the village of Stavenisse has been called the most gravely affected in Europe. About 300 of its inhabitants

have perished, the greater number of its houses have been destroyed, and not a single building is undamaged. Many of these islands have been evacuated, some completely, in face of great difficulties. Many of the inhabitants have been extremely reluctant to leave their shattered or threatened homes; and on the island of Schouwen an officer of the Royal Netherlands Navy, pistol in hand, had to order some residents to leave their farms "in the name of the Queen."



EPITOMISING THE DISASTER THAT HAS OVERTAKEN OVER 400,000 ACRES OF HOLLAND'S RICHEST LAND AND CAUSED THE DEATH OF SOME 1300 PERSONS: ENDLESS WATERS COVERING THE ISLAND OF SCHOUWEN.

The North Sea floods which struck at both England and Holland on the night of January 31 to February 1 did their worst damage in this country at their very outset, and the extent of the disaster was both controllable and somewhat less than at first appeared. In the Netherlands, on the other hand, the disaster was progressive as

the floods sapped more and more dikes, further areas succumbed to the waters, and the toll of death and destruction mounted ever higher. On February 1 the death roll was estimated at 85, by February 5 it was given as 1352. The area covered by the devastation was estimated later at between 400,000 and 500,000 acres; and the

direct damage was said to number tens of millions of pounds. The Netherlands were already suffering from a severe housing shortage; and the problem of about 100,000 rendered homeless by the floods was very severe. Although the coast northwards from the Hook of Holland to the Isle of Texel suffered in the first onset, unquestionably

the greatest devastation was caused in the low-lying islands and coastal country of Zeeland. Here whole islands disappeared beneath the waves, communications were completely disrupted and the problems of evacuating whole populations in shallow but stormy water were of the greatest difficulty. (Aerial photograph by K.L.M.)

RESCUE AND EVACUATION IN STRICKEN HOLLAND, AND TRAGIC FLOOD SCENES.



USING A RAILWAY TRACK AS A BRIDGE ACROSS THE VAST AREA OF FLOODS: REFUGEES ESCORTED BY SOLDIERS IN THE STRICKEN ZEELAND AREA.



WITH BEDDING AND OTHER POSSESSIONS PILED ON FARM CARTS: A TRAGIC PROCESSION OF DUTCH MEN AND WOMEN DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES BY THE INUNDATIONS.



MARKED WITH AN APPEAL TO SEND WATER: BARGES NEAR BROUWERSHAVEN, SCHOUWEN-DUIVELAND, IN THE ZEELAND GROUP, WHICH HAS SUFFERED VERY SEVERELY.



PART OF A FLOTILLA OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S RHINE SQUADRON DIVERTED TO HOLLAND: A BRITISH LANDING-CRAFT AND MOTOR-VESSELS ON RESCUE WORK.



ATTEMPTING TO REACH A FLOODED HOUSE: RESCUERS IN A BOAT. ROWING IN THE FLOODS IS A SLOW PROGRESS, AS THE CURRENT IS STRONG WHEN PASSING BREACHES IN THE DYKES.



A TRAGIC PARTY ABOARD A SMALL BOAT: REFUGEES FROM THE ISLAND OF THOLEN PUNTING ACROSS A WASTE OF WATER, ONCE FERTILE FARM LAND.

The flood disaster in the Netherlands has not only devastated a vast area of the country, estimated at about one-sixth of the whole acreage, in which prosperous farms, with their stock, machinery and crops, have been engulfed; but has brought death to 1 in every 5000 of the population and has driven countless families from their homes. Walcheren is the only island of the Zeeland group from which complete evacuation has not been necessary. Rescue work was promptly undertaken

with small naval vessels, coastal craft, private yachts and fishing-boats. Aid was sent from many countries, and included a flotilla of twenty-four vessels from the Royal Navy's Rhine Squadron, consisting of eight motor-launches, three large landing-craft and thirteen other landing-craft. Twenty-one British and American helicopters did excellent work, rescuing survivors clinging to trees or buildings by lowering lines to them; and other R.A.F. aircraft dropped supplies.



A VILLAGE IN WHICH SOME 300 PEOPLE ARE REPORTED TO HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES: STAVENISSE, ON THE WEST COAST OF THOLEN ISLAND.



EFFECTING A HASTY REPAIR TO A BREACHED DYKE: MEN BUILDING A WALL OF SANDBAGS AT POORTVLIET, ON THE ISLAND OF THOLEN.

WAVING FROM THE ROOF OF AN ALMOST-SUBMERGED HOUSE: A FLOOD VICTIM (LEFT) SIGNALLING TO AN AIRCRAFT PASSING OVERHEAD. ON THE WATERS FLOATS A RUBBER DINGHY, CAUGHT AMONG THE TOPS OF TREES.



TYPICAL OF THE DISASTER WHICH HAS BEFALLEN HOLLAND: OUDE TONGE, ON THE ISLAND OF GOEREE-OVERFLAKKEE, SEEN FROM THE AIR.

FLOODS ENGULF THE DUTCH ISLANDS: AERIAL VIEWS OF THE NETHERLANDS DISASTER.

At the time of writing, the number of the victims of the Netherlands floods is still rising. The death-roll includes some 240 people at Oude Tonge, on the island of Goeree-Overflakkee; an aerial view of part of the submerged town is shown above. The island of Tholen, views of which are also shown on this page, has likewise suffered grievously. The western tip of the island has been evacuated; there is no electricity or drinking water. St. Philipsland, the near-by

island, has completely disappeared beneath the waters and there is grave anxiety as to the fate of its 400 inhabitants. Rescue work is continuing everywhere on an increasing scale. On February 5 it was announced that British helicopters, operating over the flooded areas of western Holland, had rescued about 600 people. General Ridgway, Supreme Commander of N.A.T.O. Forces in Europe, flew over the flooded areas on February 5.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

IN my last article I wrote about a few of the taller-growing willows. Before passing on to the dwarfier species, I would suggest that either of the weeping willows that I men-

tioned, *Salix babylonica* and *S. chrysocoma* (better known as *S. babylonica ramulis aureis*), are good trees to plant for giving a spot of shade on the lawn. They have the charm of inimitable grace, and the virtue of giving quick results. If there is no stream or pond at hand, you could encourage your willow by forming a shallow depression, a few feet in diameter, around

A FEW MORE WILLOWS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

the twig-bark on both willow and dogwood becomes steadily duller and less effective. It is important, too, to plant the willows for mass effect. Not less than a dozen stools in a group to make a really warming glow.

Among the dwarfier willows there are many attractive species. Some are very attractive indeed, either for their foliage or their catkins, or both. In fact, the only willow which I can imagine being a disappointment might be one which was expected to be a male specimen, but which turned out to be a female. As I explained in my previous article, the male and female flowers are carried on separate trees. The male catkins are golden yellow as in the Easter "palm" or pussy-willow. The female of the species, having no glamorous golden catkins, only dull grey ones, is to the gardener a relatively dowdy affair. What it may mean to another willow I would not like to say. Many species of *Salix*, however, are worth growing solely for their grace, their gleaming, silvery foliage, or the cheery glow of their bark in winter.

Some twenty or more years ago I collected cuttings of a beautiful, dwarfish, silver-leaved willow in the Alps above Val d'Isère. It grew near the mule-track leading up the Col d'Isère; a track which has since become a busy motor-coach road. On the rock-garden it developed into a pleasant silvery 3-ft. bush. It turned out, however, to be a female, which was disappointing. I had set my heart on golden catkins in addition to the beautiful silver leaves. Some

years later I found a colony of the same willow above the Col de Lautaret, took cuttings—and was disappointed. Wrong sex again. In 1950, however, I secured a male specimen. It grew in a swampy corner of the old derelict Botanic Garden at Lautaret—one of the saddest spots, surely, in all the Alps. It is now a flourishing small specimen in an artificial bog in a deep stone trough in my garden. One or two of its buds are already splitting, and showing a narrow gleam of silky silver, promise, I hope, of golden catkins in a few weeks' time. I have yet to discover the name of this elusive willow, which for so many years presented me, as it were, with nothing but girls.

well in ordinary garden loam, and is a delightful shrub for the rock-garden if placed with care, so as not to dwarf near-by rocks and throw other plants out of scale.

The Chinese species, *Salix bockii*, grows up to 8 or 10 ft. high, and, unlike most willows, produces its catkins in late summer and autumn. So far I have only met *S. bockii* as quite small specimens at R.H.S. shows, but there is no doubt that it is a most attractive thing which deserves to be better known and more often grown.

Salix magnifica, from West China, is a very remarkable species, but, unfortunately, it appears to be rare in cultivation. A bush or small tree; it looks more like a magnolia than a willow, with leaves as much as

4 to 8 ins. long and 3 to 5 ins. wide; whilst the male catkins may be 4 to 7 ins. long. I can only remember meeting this willow in gardens three or four times.

Salix herbacea and *S. reticulata*, the two British creeping willows, are essentially plants for the rock-garden, where, without making any show of colour, they are well worth having for the sake of interest and a certain hard-bitten charm. *Salix herbacea* is a mountain species, and creeps almost in the manner of a thyme, with tiny, glossy leaves and proportionately small catkins. *Salix reticulata*, from the Scottish Highlands, is not uncommon in the Alps. Quite prostrate in habit, its leaves are roundish, relatively large, and handsomely marked with netted

veining. These two Britishers would be delightful on a stone trough garden, where they would be conveniently near the eye of—well, of those who do not demand blazing colour all the time and every time.

Once upon a time, long ago, someone wrote and asked me if I knew *Salix boydii*. He had seen a specimen on the rock-garden at Kew, and his description aroused my interest. I went to Kew and found *boydii*, which, in spite of its being a sick and scruffy wreck, greatly inflamed my interest. Imagine an ancient apple-tree, between 2 and 3 ft. high, with roundish, felty grey leaves. A pigmy tree with only two or three branches—just alive—and with one of its two feet in the grave and the other half in. In spite of all this, I got in touch with Miss Boyd, the daughter of the late Dr. William Boyd, of Melrose, who had discovered this astonishing little willow many years before, near Clova, in the Braes of Angus, Forfarshire. Later Miss Boyd most kindly invited me to come and see her garden and the willow. She had three or four healthy specimens, giants about 3 ft. high, and perhaps fifty years old, one of which she gave me. From that original gift plant—was ever such a generous garden gift?—I struck cuttings from time to time. But as *boydii* never makes more than about half-an-inch of growth in a year, the stock of young plants always remained small, and doubtless it must for ever remain a very rare tree.

Salix boydii should be placed in the rock-garden with the greatest care and tact. It should live among the dwarfest companions, and well away from the type of gaudy "Alpines" which could only look vulgar in the company of this austere little homespun Highland gentleman. Perhaps a stone trough rock-garden affords the safest solution.



THE NETTED WILLOW, *SALIX RETICULATA*, "FROM THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS, IS NOT UNCOMMON IN THE ALPS. QUITE PROSTRATE IN HABIT, ITS LEAVES ARE ROUNDISH, RELATIVELY LARGE, AND HANDSOMELY MARKED WITH NETTED VEINING."

Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

the trunk and letting the garden hose flood into it, copiously and often.

By far the most brilliantly decorative willow—in the matter of catkins—that I have ever met was *Salix humboldtii*. I saw it often in Chile, sometimes by water, but often in terribly dry situations. When in blossom its masses of brilliant golden catkins suggested a mimosa in full flower. I brought home cuttings of this lovely willow, struck them, and planted the youngsters in the open at Stevenage. Every one died the first winter. It is, unfortunately, not generally hardy in this country, though it might be worth trying in Cornwall and other equally gentle climates. There is, too, an interesting fastigate form of *Salix humboldtii* which grows like a Lombardy poplar. I saw this both in Chile and in Peru, though I was unable to secure cuttings. A few years ago, however, my friend Captain Collingwood Ingram, when plant collecting in Chile, brought me cuttings of this odd willow. They rooted readily, but did no good. Not hardy.

The gold- and the red-barked varieties of *Salix vitellina* are grand for bringing winter colour to the garden landscape. I use the term garden landscape because this particular colour scheme can only be arranged in gardens which are roomy enough for wide plantings and broad effects. The method is to plant the willows as an osier-bed, and treat them as such. That is, you plant fairly close together and, by pruning down hard each spring, form ever-strengthening stools which will throw up during summer an ever-stronger forest of slender shoots, 6 or 8 or 10 ft. high. In autumn the leaves fall and reveal the willow wands in their fresh young scarlet or golden bark. Seen in the mass, in this way they make a most beautiful haze of glowing colours, all through the winter. In spring the rods must be pruned hard back, so that the stools may busy themselves during the summer in throwing up a fresh crop of wands for next winter's display. This annual spring pruning, or pollarding, is most important, for only the fresh bark on rods of the previous summer's growth gives the warm red and sunny gold that is so heartening in winter. The same applies to the scarlet-barked dogwood when planted for winter colour. Left unpruned for a few years,



"THE GOLD- AND THE RED-BARKED VARIETIES OF *SALIX VITELLINA* ARE GRAND FOR BRINGING WINTER COLOUR TO THE GARDEN LANDSCAPE." HERE IS A SINGLE STOOL OF THE GOLDEN-BARKED, CUT AS MR. ELLIOTT RECOMMENDS TO PRODUCE AN ANNUAL CROP OF BRILLIANTLY-COLOURED WITHIES.

Salix lanata is my favourite among the medium-to-small willows. A rare British native, found in the Grampians, it forms a sturdy, branched bush, 3 or sometimes 4 ft. high, with large, roundish leaves clothed with silvery, silky grey felt. The handsome golden male catkins are up to 2 ins. long. Although it looks best and most appropriate near water, it does

ROYAL SYMPATHY FOR THE STRICKEN—IN ENGLAND, HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.



THE QUEEN AT HUNSTANTON, WITH, LEFT, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, WHO IS HIGH STEWARD OF KING'S LYNN, DURING THEIR TOUR OF THE NORFOLK FLOODS ON FEBRUARY 2.



HER MAJESTY WITH THE CHAIRMAN OF HUNSTANTON URBAN COUNCIL, AMONG RUINS CAUSED BY THE STORM. ON FEBRUARY 2, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, SHE VISITED AFFECTED AREAS.



KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS LEANING OVER TO HEAR A FIRST-HAND ACCOUNT OF THE DAMAGE AT OSTEND, BELGIUM'S WORST-HIT TOWN.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT, ACCOMPANIED BY THE CHIEF CONSTABLE OF KENT, ON THE STROOD JETTY ON HER WAY TO VISIT SHEERNESS BY LAUNCH ON FEBRUARY 4.



QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS WITH THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS, AFTER HIS RETURN BY AIR FROM AMERICA, IN THE TIME OF THEIR COUNTRY'S TRAGIC DISASTER.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET (RIGHT) AT A REST CENTRE AT GRAYS, ESSEX, TALKING TO VICTIMS OF THE FLOODS FROM THE ESSEX COAST.



THE QUEEN MOTHER AT A SOUTH BENFLEET REST CENTRE TALKING TO 74-YEAR-OLD MRS. READING, EVACUATED, WITH HER DOG, FROM CANVEY ISLAND.

We show here a few pictures illustrating Royal sympathy with flood victims in England, Holland and Belgium. On February 2, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester, her Majesty the Queen toured flooded areas in Norfolk, and the Duke of Edinburgh later flew over a wide area. On February 3 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret spent some hours in the Benfleet area and visited two rest centres at which evacuees from Canvey Island were being cared for. They were accompanied by Sir Francis

Whitmore, Lord Lieutenant of Essex. On February 4 the Duchess of Kent travelled down the Medway in a launch to visit Sheerness, where she talked with many householders. On February 2 and 3 Queen Juliana toured widely the stricken areas of Holland, often putting on waders to make her way in flooded places. The Prince of the Netherlands cut short his official visit to New York to fly back to his stricken country on February 4. On February 2, King Baudouin of the Belgians visited Ostend, the Belgian town which suffered most in the storms.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MAINLY ABOUT COLOUR.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A LITTLE imagination, please, in looking at these photographs—the shapes are noble, but the colouring is beyond this earth—and that is something I can't convey in monochrome, and despair of describing in words. For example, when I have labelled the vase of Fig. 3 cherry-red—which it is, as near as makes no matter—and described its shape as the well-known *Mei P'ing*, i.e., a vase with a narrow neck made for a single spray of plum-blossom, you still have to exercise a certain number of grey cells, because, though the colour may be fixed in your mind, unless you have seen a few of these rare early pieces fairly recently, it is easy to forget the peculiar qualities of glaze and sheen they possess. As to the form, you will not like it any the less if you happen to be numbered among the profane and describe it not as *Mei P'ing* (which is both accurate and vaguely erudite), but as "old-fashioned prima-donna shape" (which is not by any means inaccurate).

These single-colour porcelains of the late seventeenth and of the whole of the eighteenth centuries, are among the major glories; but in recent years they have not been very much in the public eye, perhaps because once upon a time—I am speaking mainly of the years before 1920—they were the object of excessive enthusiasm and, with more and more interest taken since then in the very subtle shapes and colourings of much earlier pieces—that is, of the Sung period (A.D. 960 to 1368)—these Ch'ing Dynasty pots began to be regarded as a trifle too perfect; by this late date—i.e., the accession of the Emperor K'ang Hsi in 1662—the theory was that Chinese potters were gaining such control over their material that they were producing the flawless piece so frequently as to become a little boring. This highly pernickety theory seems a trifle absurd, for, when you think twice about it, it must be at least as difficult to produce a perfect single colour as to paint the surface with a design in two or more; if there is a flaw, you can probably hide it in the latter case—in the former, no disguise is possible. You cannot catch the eye with a pretty picture and so distract attention from faulty construction, either of form or of surface; and that makes these wares all the more marvellous. The colours are bewildering in their variety, and each of them covers a wide range. The so-called *sang de bœuf*, or ox-blood glaze—a deep copper-red—for example, can vary from a true copper-red to a cherry-red, as in Fig. 3; or a dull liver-red, or that known as peach-bloom, which shades off to pink and is at the same time bluish. The greyish-bluish tone known to collectors as *clair-de-lune*, or "moon-white," can be a near-lavender. Then there are the *flambé* glazes which were brought to perfection by the end of the eighteenth century—mainly red, but streaked with

pearly-white or bluish flecks. Pink was devised in the eighteenth century and was obtained by the addition of a minute amount of gold; it is familiar enough on painted porcelain (*famille rose*), but was also used as a self-colour. Coral-red, or *rouge-de-fer*, was obtained, as its French name implies, by the addition of iron. *Aubergine*—a rich blue-purple—is from manganese, and seems to have been difficult to control in the kiln, for it was liable to come out a brown-purple. The most difficult, by all accounts, to bring to perfection, was *turquoise*—the slightest rise in temperature produced a dirty blue-green; when he

jet-black, not to be confused with the black of "*famille noire*," which is a black covered with a greenish or colourless enamel. Hence the greenish tinge to the black of a K'ang Hsi enamelled vase and the much-admired "raven's wing" tone.

To what extent the prejudice exists to-day I do not know, but not long ago fashion and snobbery decreed that if a coral-red vase had been made a year before the death of the Emperor Ch'ien Lung it was a magnificent work of art, whereas if it was made two years later it was of minor interest. Ch'ien Lung reigned from 1736 to 1795. He was succeeded by Chia Ch'ing, who died in 1821.

Then came Tao Kuang (1821–1850). It is true enough that all the new colours and all the experiments were carried out before the end of the eighteenth century—the nineteenth merely repeated the triumphs of the previous generation. Nevertheless informed opinion is unanimous in regarding the work of the early nineteenth-century potters, particularly those of the reign of Chia Ch'ing, as fully equal to that of their predecessors, and it seems ridiculous that the old prejudice should still survive.

Those who are not specially familiar with the types of Chinese porcelain discussed here will find numerous examples in the national collections and may perhaps call to mind a superb exhibition five years ago arranged by the Oriental Ceramic Society, in which the whole range of self-colours, from the Ming Dynasty onwards, was displayed. A quite casual acquaintance with a few specimens will be sufficient to reduce the beginner to an edifying state of humility, for he will soon realise that there is an almost infinite variety of subtle differences between the various tones

of what can be labelled a single colour, and he will speedily reach the conclusion that to "get his eye in" he must spend a considerable amount of time and—if he really seeks knowledge and not merely the ability to gossip at a lunch-table—he should study the things under varying aspects of light; they change in appearance to a remarkable degree. I often wonder what their makers would think of the beautifully lighted cabinets of to-day: would they consider that light too harsh, or would they be pleased that their wares stood up so well to such brightness? It so happens that a well-known collection (that of Mr. E. G. Kostolany) comes up for sale at Sotheby's on



FIG. 1. A VASE OF BOTTLE SHAPE COVERED WITH BLuish-GREY GLAZE WITH WIDE CRACKLE OF Kuan-type (CH'EN LUNG, 1736-1795; height 7½ ins.); A BEAKER (Kw) OF BRONZE FORM COVERED WITH A PALE *clair-de-lune* (*yüeh pai*) GLAZE (CH'EN LUNG, 1736-1795; height 8 ins.), AND A DOUBLE GOURD VASE COVERED WITH A PALE *clair-de-lune* GLAZE (YUNG CHENG, 1723-1735; height 7½ ins.), L. TO R.

The bluish-grey glaze of the bottle-shaped vase is similar in colour to that of the Sung Dynasty *Kuan* ware; the shape of the beaker is taken from an ancient bronze form. *Clair-de-lune* (moon-white) glaze varies from a pale bluish-grey to a near-lavender shade. The crackle was deliberately produced as part of the decoration.

Illustrations by courtesy of Sotheby's.

did succeed in firing a flawless piece, the potter must have been more than usually pleased with himself.

As his technical mastery increased, the potter devised all kinds of ingenious glazes, not all of which are necessarily greatly admired to-day. For example, he reproduced the appearance of bronze or of wood, which some of us consider a waste of time; but the glaze known as

"tea-dust" has its devotees—a green speckled with yellow. He also learned to produce a "crackle" at will, and did this deliberately as part of his decoration—either a widely-spaced crackle (ice-crackle) or a minute crackle (trout's-roe crackle)—in short, he was almost indecently clever and, as everyone knows, was so imbued with respect for his ancestors that he was sometimes in the habit of marking his marvellous reproductions, or, rather, inspired versions, the reign marks

of past achievements with the reign marks of the Ming emperors, hence a certain amount of confusion among later generations.

But to go back to colours. I had forgotten the whole range from yellow through brown to black; it may seem odd to group them together—the reason is that they derive from iron in the form of ferric oxide; the tones vary according to the amount of iron present and the particular quality of the glaze. The exception is the "mirror-black" glaze (a late seventeenth-century achievement), which is derived from a combination of cobalt and manganese—it is a lustrous

March 3, and it is from this that these illustrations are taken. Re-reading the above, I see I have omitted to mention the green glazes. These are as fascinating as any of the others, and again one has to draw attention to their great variety. Like the difficult *turquoise*, they are derived from copper, range from light to dark, and are labelled inadequately by names such as apple-green, camellia-green, cucumber-green—and they will change subtly according to the time of day and the intensity of the light.



FIG. 2. COVERED ON BOTH SIDES WITH A DEEP TURQUOISE BLUE GLAZE: AN ATTRACTIVE DISH OF THE K'ANG HSI PERIOD (1662-1722). (Diameter 11½ ins.)

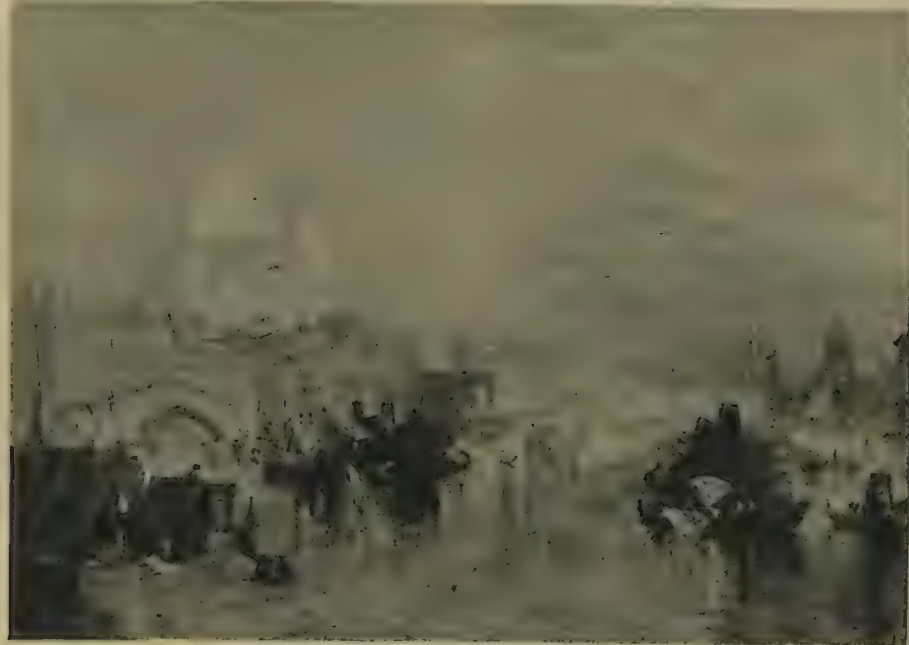
The most difficult colour to bring to perfection was turquoise, the slightest rise in temperature produced a dirty blue-green; "when he did succeed in firing a flawless piece the potter must have been more than usually pleased with himself."



FIG. 3. DATING FROM THE REIGN OF YUNG CHENG (1723-1735): A FINE VASE OF *mei ping* SHAPE COVERED WITH A RICH CHERRY-RED GLAZE. (10 ins. in height.)

The shape of this vase is the "well-known *Mei Ping*, i.e., a vase with a narrow neck made for a single spray of plum-blossom." "The so-called *sang de bœuf* . . . can vary from a true copper-red to a cherry-red, or a dull liver-red, or that known as peach-bloom . . ."

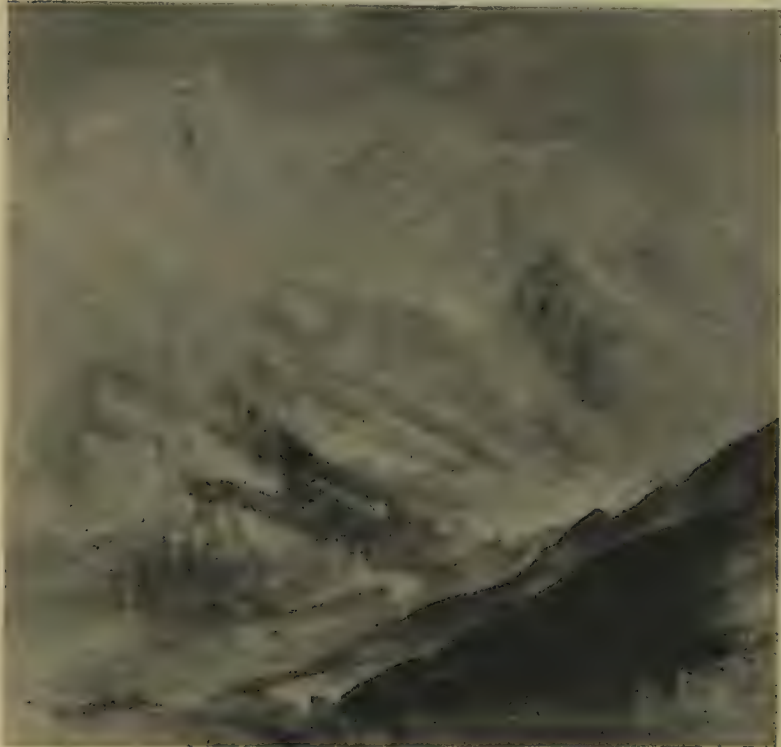
THE SPLENDOUR OF TURNER'S ART: THE WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY EXHIBITION.



"VENICE FROM THE GIUDECCA." SO FAR AS IS KNOWN, THIS PAINTING HAS NEVER PREVIOUSLY BEEN SHOWN IN LONDON. IT WAS FOR MANY YEARS IN ITALY. PAINTED C. 1835. CANVAS. (45 by 60 ins.) (LORD GRIMTHORPE.)



"ROME FROM MOUNT AVENTINE." PAINTED IN 1836 FOR MR. MUNRO OF NOVAR, AND EXHIBITED THAT YEAR IN THE R.A. THE LARGE BUILDING ON THE LEFT ACROSS THE TIBER IS THE CUSTOM HOUSE. CANVAS. (36 by 49 ins.) (THE EARL OF ROSEBERRY.)



"ALPINE SCENE." ONE OF THE SERIES OF WATER-COLOURS, ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER, WHICH FORM AN IMPORTANT SECTION OF THE TURNER EXHIBITION AT THE WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY. IT DATES FROM SOME TIME AFTER C. 1830. (About 10 by 11 ins.) (BRITISH MUSEUM.)



"DORT OR DORDRECHT; THE DORT PACKET-BQAT FROM ROTTERDAM, BECALMED." PAINTED IN 1818; IT WAS BOUGHT FROM THE R.A. EXHIBITION THAT YEAR BY MR. WALTER FAWKES OF FARNLEY HALL. CANVAS. (62 by 92 ins.) (MAJOR LE C. G. W. HORTON-FAWKES.)



"BLOIS," A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING MADE IN 1832, PRESENTED BY RUSKIN IN 1861 TO THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM, WHO HAVE LENT IT TO THE EXHIBITION AT THE WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY, WHICH CONTINUES TILL MARCH 15. (5 by 7½ ins.)



"MODERN ROME; THE CAMPO VACCINO." PAINTED C. 1839 AND EXHIBITED IN THE R.A. IN 1839. ORIGINALLY IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. MUNRO OF NOVAR. THE COLOSSEUM IS SHOWN IN MID-DISTANCE. (35½ by 48 ins.) (THE EARL OF ROSEBERRY.)

The Exhibition devoted to the works of Joseph Mallord William Turner, R.A. (1775-1851), which opened last week at the Whitechapel Art Gallery and will continue until March 15, has been designed to show every aspect of the work of this great English artist. The exhibits include very important pictures, some of which have not been seen in London for many years, and others which have never before been publicly exhibited here. Special mention should be made of "The Dort; or Dordrecht," from the famous Farnley Hall Collection, Yorkshire. Constable considered this large early painting to be "The most perfect

work of genius" he had ever seen. Lord Rosebery has lent two fine views of Rome. "Modern Rome; the Campo Vaccino," was first exhibited at the Royal Academy, with a quotation from Byron: "The Moon is up, and yet it is not night, The Sun as yet divides the day with her," for the painting shows the scene in evening light, with the moon in the centre of the sky. Water-colours, and lesser-known works from the vaults of the Tate Gallery, are also on view, as well as the whole series of the *Liber Studiorum* engravings. The Gallery has been redecorated; and the exhibition is well-arranged and hung in chronological order.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

FAMILY GATHERING.

By J. C. TREWIN

LITTLE can shake the amiable type of English comedy known with affection as the Family Play. Charlotte Mitchell laughed at its conventions in an intimate-revue sketch a year or so ago. But since then we have recognised the familiar pattern more than once in the West End theatre, and we shall certainly do so again. Mother, father, children, maybe a family retainer: these are basic characters. There will probably be a shattering teacup-storm and at the end of it all, with the gale subsided, the family will have gathered once more around its hearth. The word is cosiness: it was this quality that distinguished Dodie Smith's work in such comedies as "Call It a Day" and "Dear Octopus" during the 'thirties; Esther McCracken's "Quiet Wedding" and "Quiet Weekend" are from the same stock. Family plays: plays to which you can take the family: if the best in this kind are but shadows, they have managed to outlast a good many more aspiring, and apparently more solid, plays that have crumbled down now to mere titles in the record.

We shall always have dramatists ready to laugh at the Family Play. Noël Coward (though he does not scorn the type) had his word long ago with "Hay Fever," that blissful idiocy of a Thames-side week-end. John Galsworthy, in 1921, had written "A Family Man," in which everything went wrong with a determined tyrant, John Builder of Breconridge (in the text Galsworthy insists, with amusing minuteness, upon "a well-coloured, jowly, fullish face marked under the eyes, which have very small pupils and

What did weight the mind at the Arts première was the producer's apparent lack of confidence. From the first I had an uneasy feeling that Roy Rich, a most practised man of the theatre, had decided that the piece needed jollyng-up, forcing. We begin, it will be recalled, on a summer afternoon in Golders Green, with the four young persons—son and daughter of the house, son and daughter from next door—discussing Age with the prickly arrogance of extreme Youth. Nothing here of the accepted Family Play method. These are horrifying young people who talk in this way:



"AN OVER-EMPHATIC REVIVAL OF MAUGHAM'S COMMENT ON THE FAMILY PLAY": "THE BREADWINNER"—A SCENE FROM THE END OF THE PLAY, SHOWING (L. TO R.) PATRICK BATTLE (KENNETH FORTESCUE), DIANA GRANGER (VERONICA HURST), DOROTHY GRANGER (NOEL DYSON), MARGERY BATTLE (SONIA DRESDEL), JUDY BATTLE (SHEILA SWEET), CHARLES BATTLE (DENYS BLAKELOCK), ALFRED GRANGER (LAURENCE HARDY) AND TIMOTHY GRANGER (BRIAN SMITH). BOTH FAMILIES LOOK ON IN UTTER AMAZEMENT AS CHARLES BATTLE (DENYS BLAKELOCK) LEAVES HOME FOR GOOD.

TIMOTHY: Oh, don't let's talk of that old war. I'm fed to the teeth with it.

JUDY: What a bore the people are who went through it.

PATRICK: Crashing.

JUDY: When they get together and start talking about their experiences, I could scream.

DIANA: I know. As if anyone cared.

TIMOTHY: They were a dreary lot, that war generation.

DIANA: Well, don't forget that except for the war there would have been a lot more of them.

And in this way:

TIMOTHY: It's obvious that people live much too long now.

PATRICK: If nature were properly organised, they'd just drop off quietly at the age of forty.

DIANA: D'you think they'd like it?

PATRICK: I don't see why they should mind. They've had their day.

The four-handed slaughtering of the aged (who are in the early forties, and therefore practically dead, anyway) goes on much too long; and I cannot quite understand Maugham's preliminary direction about the children: "However brusquely they talk, and however frank they are in expressing their opinions, they remain engaging and delightful." I find it hard to believe that this quartet could ever be engaging. The dramatist's intention is not helped by the present forcing policy at the Arts (the girls, admittedly, remain less trying than the two boys).

Later, we have the conversation-piece for the mothers. "Neither," says Maugham, "is the decrepit old creature you might have suspected from listening to the children's conversation, and neither has the slightest idea that her day is over." Their chatter

could (and should) be very funny, as well as revealing, especially the passage in which Margery Battle shudders to think what would happen if her Charles ever suspected that for years she hadn't cared for him—not really cared. ("That's one advantage we have," says her confidante smugly. "Men don't see things.") But those two good actresses, Sonia Dresdel and Noël Dyson, will not let well alone: they pounce and prod at the lines. Miss Dresdel—cannot someone find a Macbeth for her?—has a way of making her comedy sound sinister: we discern a smile on the face of the tigress, and wonder how in the world Charlie Battle could have lived in the household all these years.

Presently, after the appearance of that burbling hearty, the solicitor Alfred, who "laughs a great deal at everything he says," and whom Laurence Hardy acts capably, though perhaps with too clear a knowledge of the man's fatuousness, the way is open for the head of the family himself, for the breadwinner, for Charles Battle, aged forty-two. It is with this character that Maugham finally inverts the convention of the Family Play. Charlie, acted in just the right key by Denys Blakelock, has allowed himself to be "hammered" on the Stock Exchange because he is bored with his family. "Bored with us?" cries the son incredulously. "Yes," Charles answers. "Aren't you bored with me?" And he gets the puzzled reply: "That's different. You're our father. . . . People are always rather bored with their parents. That's human nature." But Charles goes on, devastatingly, to elaborate his point (Maugham's note is "amiably," and that is the mood Charles should hold throughout): "I wonder if it has ever occurred to you how tiresome the conversation of the young

is to the middle-aged. Chatter, chatter, chatter about nothing at all. Just to hear yourself speak. And you take yourselves with such appalling seriousness."

To this point, the middle of the second act—his wife also bores Charles "a bit—no, that's a lie—to extinction"—Maugham's comedy preserves its wit and vigour, and Mr. Blakelock presents Charles very



"ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF PROTEAN PERFORMANCE": RUTH DRAPER, WHO, WITH HER VAST UNSEEN COMPANY, IS APPEARING AT THE GLOBE FOR A SIX-WEEKS SEASON.

well indeed: without forcing, with a sweet reasonableness, and yet with the right topper-smashing technique. In its later stages, the evening tails off. Once Charles has decided to leave home, there is not much more to say; and some of the acting in this revival cannot keep the piece going, even when its comedy is banded over at us.

Still, it is agreeable to look at "The Breadwinner" again. If the Arts is in the mood for making further Maugham excursions, it might try the last, and now-neglected, "Sheppey." Also, in a sense, I suppose, a Family Play; but here it might be wise to pause for a while.



"THE MOST NOTORIOUS SPECIMEN OF A FAMILY PLAY, TURNED UPSIDE DOWN AND INSIDE OUT": "THE BREADWINNER," BY SOMERSET MAUGHAM, WHICH IS JUST HAVING ITS SECOND REVIVAL AT THE ARTS WITHIN A DECADE—A SCENE FROM THE PLAY SHOWING (L. TO R.) MARGERY BATTLE (SONIA DRESDEL), CHARLES BATTLE (DENYS BLAKELOCK) AND ALFRED GRANGER (LAURENCE HARDY). MARGERY BATTLE AND NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR ALFRED GRANGER JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND CHARLES BATTLE'S DETERMINATION TO LEAVE HOME.

a great deal of light in them"). Years before this, Shaw had had his own brand of fun in "Misalliance." And so on.

We can multiply examples; but the most notorious specimen of a Family Play, turned upside down and inside out, arrived in 1930. It is Somerset Maugham's "The Breadwinner," which has just reappeared at the Arts—its second revival there within a decade—and which has had the usual roaring reception. To-day almost any Maugham play will "go," good or bad. "The Breadwinner" is one of the better minor comedies; but it is beginning, I think, to show wear. This surprises a little: it is as if we had noticed signs of fraying in a familiar rug that had been with us long enough to be taken for granted.

Maugham has described the piece (though this is not used on the Arts Theatre programme) as "a comedy in one act." There is the further note: "The action of the play is continuous. . . . In order to rest the audience the curtain is lowered twice during the performance." Not that the audience needs much cossetting; the play is an airy business that puts no real weight on the mind.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE BREADWINNER" (Arts Theatre Club).—Or why a father leaves home. An over-emphatic revival of Maugham's comment on the family play has at least the benefit of Denys Blakelock's charm and irony as the harassed stockbroker who stamps on his silk hat. (January 28.)
RUTH DRAPER (Globe).—Miss Draper and her vast unseen company in another triumph of protean performance. Someone should get Ruth Draper and Emyln Williams together on one night, though then the stage might be perilously overcrowded. (February 2.)
"ORPHEUS" (Covent Garden).—Kathleen Ferrier as Orpheus in Gluck's opera, conducted by Sir John Barbirolli and produced by Frederick Ashton. (February 3.)

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



CHAIRMAN OF THE EAST AFRICA ROYAL COMMISSION: SIR HUGH DOW.

The Royal Commission to study land and population problems in Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika is due to leave for East Africa towards the end of February. Sir Hugh Dow is the chairman.



THE CHINESE COMMUNIST PRIME MINISTER: MR. CHOU EN-LAI.

On February 4 Mr. Chou En-lai proposed an immediate cease-fire in Korea. The reported proposals in no way differ from the Russian resolution rejected in the United Nations General Assembly at the end of last year.



HOLDER OF THE COVETED ARMY SKIING TITLE: RIFLEMAN R. M. HOOPER.

An eighteen-year-old National Serviceman, Rifleman R. M. Hooper (K.R.R.C.), finished first in both the downhill and slalom events at Badgastein, Austria, winning the title of Army Ski Champion for 1953.



ON HIS EIGHTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY: SIR ARTHUR KEITH, MASTER OF THE BUCKSTON BROWNE RESEARCH FARM. The eminent anthropologist, Sir Arthur Keith, was born on February 5, 1866, and is still active. He was Secretary of the Anatomical Society of Great Britain, 1899-1902; President of the Royal Anthropological Institute, 1912-14; Rector of Aberdeen University, 1930-3, and President of the British Association, 1927. His books include "Antiquity of Man," "Ancient Types of Man," "The Human Body" and many others.



DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO TURKEY, WHERE HE MET POLITICAL AND MILITARY LEADERS: ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN (SECOND FROM LEFT).

Our photograph taken during Lord Mountbatten's recent visit to Turkey shows (l. to r.) Admiral Sadik Altincan (C-in-C. of Naval Forces); Lord Mountbatten; President Celal Bayar; Seyfi Kuribek (Minister of National Defence); and Sir Alexander Knox Helm (British Ambassador to Turkey).



APPOINTED UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR IN ROME: MRS. CLARE LUCE, WHO WILL BE THE FIRST WOMAN AMBASSADOR TO ITALY.

Mrs. Clare Luce, wife of Mr. Henry Luce, editor-in-chief of *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune* magazines, has been nominated by President Eisenhower as the new United States Ambassador in Rome in place of Mr. Bunker.

Mrs. Luce, who is forty-nine, has served two terms as a member of Congress for Connecticut and is an active Republican who campaigned vigorously both for Mr. Dewey in 1944 and for President Eisenhower. She is also well known as a writer. A native of New York, Mrs. Luce was brought up as a Protestant and was converted to Roman Catholicism in 1946.



RECEIVING THE GOLD MEDAL OF PARIS: MME. COLETTE. The Gold Medal of Paris was presented to Mme. Colette, the French novelist, on her eightieth birthday, January 29. She is the President of the Académie Goncourt, and a Commander of the Legion of Honour; and is equally well known in France and Britain. Her books include "L'Ingénue Libertine," "La Vagabonde," "La Maison de Claudine," "Chéri," "La Fin de Chéri," and many others, including four volumes of dramatic criticism; and plays (with Léopold Marchand).

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



TO BE CHAPLAIN-IN-CHIEF OF THE R.A.F.: THE REV. ALAN S. GILES.

Selected for appointment as Chaplain-in-Chief of the R.A.F., with effect from May 15 next, in succession to Canon L. Wright. The Rev. A. S. Giles has been Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief, Technical Training Command, since 1947.



THE FIRST GREEK WOMAN TO BECOME AN M.P.: MRS. HELEN SKOURAS.

Mrs. Helen Skouras, a lawyer who was successful on January 18 in the Salonika by-election, is the first Greek woman to become a Member of Parliament. She belongs to the Greek Rally, the Government party.



APPOINTED CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT AT SCOTLAND YARD: SUPT. J. LIVINGS.

Supt. J. Livings, of the fingerprint department of Scotland Yard, has succeeded Chief Supt. Cherrill, who retired recently. Supt. Livings is promoted Chief Superintendent, and has been in charge of the department since February 1.



THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE IN LONDON: MR. DULLES (CENTRE) WITH MR. STASSEN (LEFT) AND MR. EDEN. Mr. Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, and Mr. Stassen, Mutual Security Director, were in London from February 3-5. On February 4 they had talks with Mr. Eden at the Foreign Office and with Mr. Churchill at lunch. A communiqué stated that these conversations were designed to exchange views and establish a full understanding of the position of the two Governments on the wide range of world problems in which they have a common interest.

ABBEY TREASURES DISPLAYED TO HELP THE ABBEY RESTORATION FUND.



KING GEORGE V. AT PRAYER: DETAIL OF THE DESIGN ON THE DORSAL OF THE CORONATION ALTAR FRONTAL AND DORSAL WHICH HIS LATE MAJESTY PRESENTED IN 1911.



QUEEN MARY AT PRAYER: DETAIL OF THE DESIGN OF THE 1911 CORONATION PALL OR ALTAR CLOTH, WHICH BEARS PORTRAITS OF THE ROYAL DONORS.

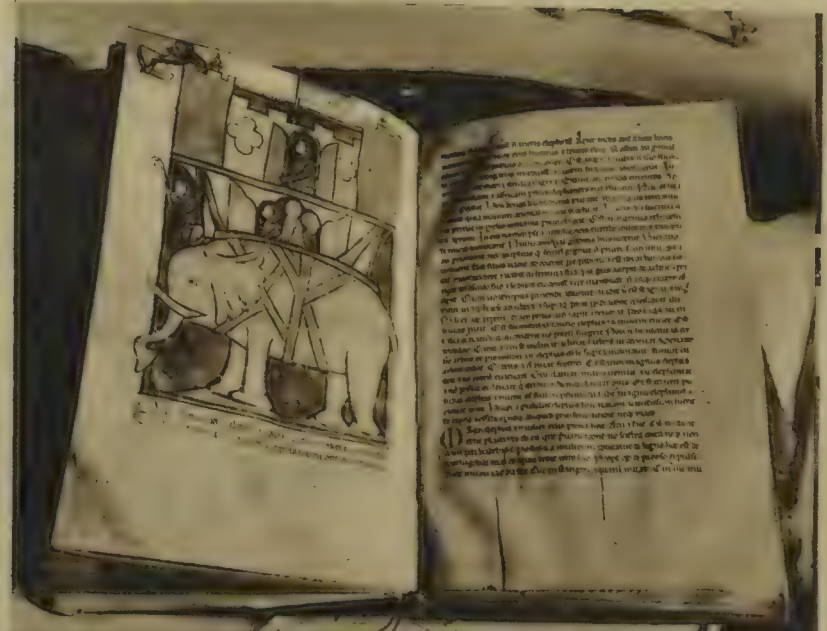
THE closing of Westminster Abbey before the Coronation seemed to the Dean and Chapter to offer an opportunity of displaying some of their treasures. By gracious permission of her Majesty, an exhibition of "Westminster Treasures Old and New" was arranged in the Banqueting Room and Picture Gallery, St. James's Palace (entrance 2s., from Friary Court), in aid of the Dean and Chapter's appeal for new endowments for the Abbey. It opened on February 10 and will continue until March 28. On this and the following page we illustrate some objects on view. The seventeenth-century High Altar Candlesticks were bought with money left by Sarah Hughes, a servant to one of the Prebendaries. Much fine plate, Coronation altar frontals and dorsals associated with the Coronations of several Sovereigns, books, documents and relics, as well as some interesting small statues from the Henry VII. Chapel, are on view.



(RIGHT.) THE CORONATION ALTAR FRONTAL AND DORSAL PRESENTED BY KING EDWARD VII.: WITH SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CANDLESTICKS PRESENTED BY SARAH HUGHES, SERVANT TO ONE OF THE PREBENDARIES; CHALICES AND FLAGONS OF 1660, AND A CROSS MADE IN 1899 AND PRESENTED BY THE EARL OF ROSEBERY.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BANQUETING-ROOM, SHOWING THE CHAIRS PRESENTED TO MARK THE EIGHTY-SECOND "BIRTHDAY" OF CANADA IN JULY 1949, AND (BACKGROUND) THE ALTAR ARRAY WITH THE CORONATION FRONTAL AND DORSAL OF KING EDWARD VII.



ONE OF THE TREASURES OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY LIBRARY: A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY BESTIARY OPEN AT THE PAGE WHICH SHOWS AN ELEPHANT AND A CASTLE. FINE BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS ARE INCLUDED IN THE EXHIBITION.



THE CORONATION ALTAR FRONTAL OF KING GEORGE VI: THE BANNERS OF SS. OSWALD, GEORGE, OUR LADY, ST. EDWARD AND OF OUR LORD AND ST. PETER; A 17TH-CENTURY ALMS DISH, THE WESTMINSTER PROCESSIONAL CROSS AND (LEFT) COPES MADE FOR THE CORONATION OF CHARLES II., ONE TO BE USED AT THE QUEEN'S CORONATION.



THE CORONATION FRONTAL AND DORSAL OFFERED BY KING GEORGE V. AND QUEEN MARY IN 1911, BEARING FIGURES OF SS. JOHN AND EDWARD THE CONFESSOR AND OF THE ROYAL DONORS, AND THE CRUCIFIXION; AN ELIZABETH I. CHALICE AND PATEN, 1571, AND ALMS DISHES IN MEMORY OF DEAN RYLE.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY ALTAR ARRAYS ASSOCIATED WITH CORONATIONS OF BRITISH SOVEREIGNS: ON VIEW AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

The magnificent Arrays for the Altars on view at the "Westminster Abbey Treasures Old and New" Exhibition at St. James's Palace include the palls or altar cloths given by a number of successive sovereigns at their Coronations, in accordance with ancient custom. That offered by King George V. and Queen Mary (detail illustrated on our previous page) bears figures of St. John and St. Edward the Confessor, and kneeling portraits of the Royal donors. It is

shown with a chalice and paten of 1571, and plate in memory of Dean Ryle. The frontal given by King George VI. in 1937 is shown with Abbey banners which will be seen at the Coronation, and fine plate, including the Westminster Processional Cross presented by Mr. Wanamaker. The red and gold copes (left) were made for the Coronation of Charles II.; and the Dean of Westminster will be vested in one at the Queen's Coronation.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



BIOLOGY OF THE MONTE BELLO ISLANDS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

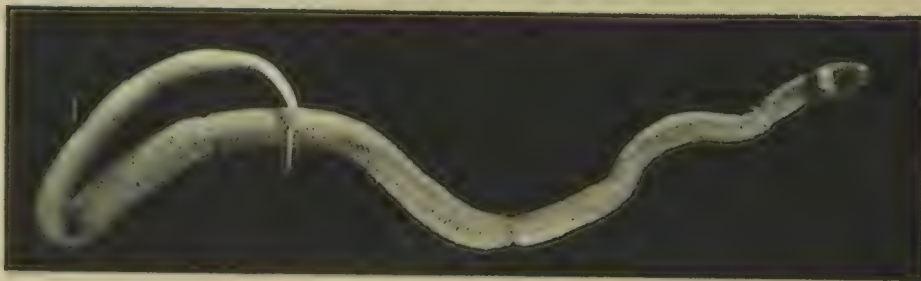
THIS week, in the Natural History Museum in London, there has been set out, in the Reptile Gallery, a small showcase containing a sample of the animals and plants collected on the Monte Bello Islands immediately prior to the explosion of the atom bomb in the recent trial. When it had been announced that an atomic weapon was to be tested on these islands, the Museum made an informal approach to the chief scientific officer of the expedition, suggesting that an endeavour should be made to obtain a representative collection of the fauna and flora of the archipelago, of which these islands form part. It was also hoped that biological observations would be recorded on the spot. A call for volunteers to undertake this was sent out and, a highly-satisfactory response having been received, the work was organised by the medical officer of H.M.S. *Campania*, assisted by other members of the expedition.

It was already known that the fauna was deficient in the higher vertebrates from the results of an expedition to the islands in 1912. This had weighed in the decision to use the island as a testing-ground. In other words, if destruction there must be, let it take place where there is the minimum to be destroyed. On the other hand, this previous expedition had given little attention to the lower forms of life that might be there. The object of collecting on this more recent occasion was threefold: to put on record a more complete account of the fauna and flora; to note what changes might have taken place during the last forty years; and to secure material that could be used in the future to determine the nature of any changes that may result from the radio-active products of the explosion.

The Monte Bello Islands form part of an archipelago of small desert islands lying off the north-western coast of Australia, stretching from North-West Cape to Port Walcott. They are surrounded by a shallow, sandy sea and lie, for the most part, within sight of the low shores and mangrove swamps of the mainland. Rainfall, which is under 8 ins. a year, is of irregular occurrence, and droughts are frequent, often lasting for two or three years in succession. The rain falls in the summer, in January or February, and is often accompanied by a particularly severe form of cyclone, known locally as the willi-willi. The vegetation is, therefore, somewhat scanty, and one of the islands, Trimouille, is covered with blown sand over its greater part. The islands are uninhabited, although occasionally visited by pearl-fishers, and just prior to the time of the first expedition, a Mr. Haynes was living there, experimenting in the artificial cultivation of the pearl-oyster. In his spare time he collected zoological specimens for both the British Museum and the West Australian Museum.

This first expedition, organised on the initiative of the then Director of the West Australian Museum, was conducted by Mr. P. D. Montague, of Cambridge University, and Mr. L. Burns, of Perth, Western Australia. They found only two native mammals, and the remains of a third. They also found twenty-five species of birds and eleven of reptiles, in addition to insects, molluscs and crabs. It is, perhaps, the mammals which most catch the attention and give a key to the interest in islands such as these.

The two living mammals were a hare wallaby and a bat. In addition,



ONLY THE THIRD SPECIMEN TO BE TAKEN, THE OTHER TWO HAVING BEEN FOUND IN THE PORT DARWIN AREA: A RARE SNAKE (*Pseudelaps christieanus*) FROM THE MONTE BELLO ISLANDS—THE MAXIMUM SIZE RECORDED IS 10 INS. Before Britain's first "atomic weapon" was exploded in a secret test in the Monte Bello Islands, off the north-west coast of Australia, on October 3 last year, a collection was made of the fauna and flora of the archipelago, and biological observations were recorded. A sample of the animals and plants obtained is now on exhibition at the Natural History Museum.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).



A RARE LIZARD FROM THE MONTE BELLO ISLANDS: *Amphibolurus caudicinctus*, OF WHICH THERE WERE ONLY TWO SPECIMENS IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, AND THESE WERE FROM NICKOL BAY, ON THE NORTH-WEST COAST OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, AND THE NORTHERN TERRITORY.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).



PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE MONTE BELLO ISLANDS DURING THE PREPARATIONS FOR BRITAIN'S FIRST "ATOMIC WEAPON" TEST: A WESTERN AUSTRALIAN FORM OF THE ALMOST COSMOPOLITAN OSPREY (*Pandion haliaetus melvillensis*), WHICH FEEDS ON SEA SNAKES AND A FISH KNOWN LOCALLY AS A "PIKE" WHICH SWIMS NEAR THE SURFACE IN THE SANDY SHALLOWS OFF THE ISLANDS. A PECULIAR FEATURE IS THAT ONLY ONE NEST WAS FOUND ON EACH ISLAND.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the Ministry of Supply.

"AN IDEAL GIFT."

THIS year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and *The Illustrated London News* will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that, more than ever, there could be no better gift—to a dear friend, within one's family, to a business associate and particularly to friends overseas—than a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

THIS YEAR—CORONATION YEAR—ALL POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS AT NO EXTRA COST.

there were the shrivelled skins and bones of a bandicoot, indicating its recent extinction. The hare wallaby has since become extinct, and the cause, with little doubt, is the cats left on the islands by human visitors to them. There were also the inevitable black rats, said to have originated from the wreck of a pearling schooner towards the end of the nineteenth century. The brown rat was there, too, but all examples seen were in a weak and diseased condition. The black rat, on the other hand, had established itself on a number of the islands and seemed to be feeding mainly on small crabs on the shore at low tide, obtaining its water-supply from the stem and leaves of succulent plants.

It is a feature of such islands that the animals living on them are of the same kind as those found on the mainland, but frequently, if not usually, they show differences, of more or less degree, from their mainland relatives. These differences cause them to be regarded as varieties or sub-species of the typical forms, depending on the length of time the island has been separated and the degree to which such differences have become emphasised. If a long period of time has elapsed since the separation, distinct species may have become evolved, peculiar to that island or group of islands. Although the Monte Bello Islands are of no great geological age, consisting throughout of a sandy post-tertiary limestone, there are, as we shall see, a number of endemic species, or sub-species.

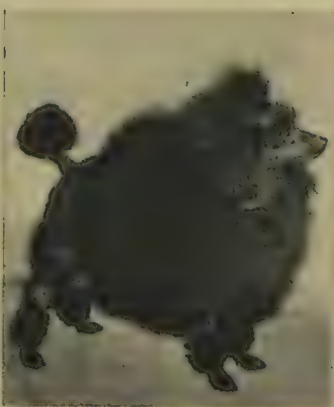
From Montague's account of the hare wallaby, it seems that such a change was already in train. He speaks of it as nocturnal, "hiding by day amongst the thick *Spinifex*-tufts and coming out just after sunset to feed upon the bark and young shoots and foliage of various herbs and bushes. It is unlikely that it will exist for many years longer, as it is one of the most defenceless animals that can well be imagined. It is easily dislodged from its hiding-place amongst the *Spinifex*, from which it often rises in an awkward fashion, tripping up and rolling over before getting away. Though it is able to hop swiftly for a short distance, it is not difficult to obtain by simply running after it and catching it by the tail." Montague regarded the wallaby as a striking example of degeneration. No examples of the wallaby were found on the Monte Bello Islands by the *Campania*'s collectors, and Montague's forecast appears to have been substantiated.

On this occasion, nearly 1000 animals and insects were collected, and although it will be some time before the full results of their study can be made known, the preliminary survey promises interesting results. To the twelve species of land birds previously recorded, another, a falcon, can now be added. Reptiles are represented by seventeen species, including a burrowing lizard that has not been seen before. Among the remainder, insects, myriapods, scorpions, spiders and snails, there are species new to science, others endemic to the Monte Bello Islands and, of course, a number that are well known on the mainland of Australia. The general picture suggests either that the islands have been isolated from the mainland for several millions of years, or that evolution has proceeded there at a rapid rate. Confirmation or refutation of this cannot be forthcoming until the whole collection has been exhaustively studied.

CRUFT'S, 1953: THE SUPREME CHAMPION AND SOME OTHER PRIZEWINNERS.



THE BEST FOX-TERRIER (WIRE): MR. E. G. BOWLER'S BITCH, CH. MASTERLEA LUSTRE.



THE BEST MINIATURE POODLE: MR. P. HOWARD PRICE'S DOG, FIREBRAVE SANKA OF MONTFLEURI.



THE BEST KING CHARLES SPANIEL: MRS. D. V. JACKSON'S BITCH, CH. ELIZABETH OF HOMEHURST.



THE BEST BOSTON TERRIER: MR. P. S. J. SCRIMSHIRE'S BITCH, HER MAJESTY OF MYTCHLEA.



THE BEST BEAGLE: MRS. E. D. STOCKLEY'S BITCH, CH. LIMBOURNE VIOLET.



JUDGED THE SUPREME CHAMPION OF THE 5865 DOGS AT CRUFT'S: A MAGNIFICENT GREAT DANE, CHAMPION ELCH EDLER OF OUBOROUGH, OWNED BY MR. W. SIGGERS, OF GODSTONE, SURREY, AND BRED BY THE LATE MR. J. V. RANK. THIS DOG WAS BORN IN APRIL 1951.



THE BEST FOX-TERRIER (SMOOTH): MR. H. R. BISHOP'S DOG, SHERSTA MIGHTY FINE.



THE BEST SEALYHAM TERRIER: MRS. C. CHARTERS' DOG, ST. MARGARET SOLOIST.



THE BEST YORKSHIRE TERRIER: MRS. E. A. STIRK'S DOG, STIRKEAN'S CHOTA SAHIB.



THE BEST DACHSHUND (WIRE-HAIRED): MAJOR AND MRS. T. ELLIS-HUGHES' DOG, RUDOLPH OF WYTCHEND.



RESERVE BEST IN THE SHOW, AND BEST IN THE SHOW ON THE FIRST DAY: MRS. I. M. ABSON'S AFGHAN HOUND CH. NETHEROYD ALIBABA. THIS DOG WAS BRED BY THE EXHIBITOR.



THE BEST WELSH CORGI (CARDIGAN): MR. A. J. E. ABRAHAM'S BITCH, CH. MILTON MANNEQUIN.



THE BEST BULL-TERRIER: MRS. I. SIMPSON'S DOG, CH. KILSAE FOXTROT.



THE BEST BULLDOG: MR. R. J. GIBSON, JUNR.'S, DOG, AURAELEAN AUTOCRAT.



THE BEST GREYHOUND: MRS. D. F. WHITWELL'S BITCH, SEAGIFT SWEET LADY.

Cruft's, the world's most famous Dog Show, was held at Olympia on February 6 and 7. The entry of 5865 dogs was drawn from all parts of the British Isles. The Cocker Spaniel, which has held top place in the popularity poll for longer than any other breed, still maintained its position with an entry of 375. The supreme championship for the best dog in the two-day show was won by a Great

Dane, Champion Elch Edler of Ouborough, owned by Mr. W. Siggers, of Godstone, Surrey. Mrs. I. M. Abson's Afghan hound, Champion Netheroyd Alibaba, was reserve best in show. Mr. H. S. Lloyd's famous Cocker Spaniel, Tracey Witch of Ware, eight years old next May, was runner-up to the best in the show on the second day and was awarded the Country Life Cup for best gundog.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

SUPPOSING a completely ignorant inquirer were to demand a "specimen" of the American novel—it would, of course, be simple of him. But having made that point, one might do worse than give him "The Producer," by Richard Brooks (Heinemann; 15s.). This is American from every angle. The scene is Hollywood, which to the wide world means America in essence. The reigning Moloch is success: success in the world's eye, success as box-office returns. Matt Gibbons, the producer, is "a hero to suit the climate"; he is its creature, victim and epitome. And he is also eminently human. In this book, our naïve inquirer would see the wheels going round. He would emerge well primed on "the American way of life"; and in the process he would have a lot of fun. For though the theme is sad—ironical and sad—the style is brilliantly American. It is a style of their own growth, terse, vital, disillusioned, a trifle hectic, if you choose. No one can really imitate it; and here it is untainted by self-pity, which is the native blight.

But then American self-pity is the child of toughness, or perhaps *vice versa*. Matt Gibbons is not tough. He is, instead, a "regular guy," or, in the local idiom, a "sweetheart." He has devoted all his energies to being a sweetheart—or to being thought a sweetheart. He must have everyone's esteem; he bids for love all round, even with blackmail no one has demanded. And underneath he is quite cynical and hollow. He has a wife and family—a lovely, suicidal wife, and two adopted children, who are not around. He has a mistress, because Natalie sees through him. He has the reputation of a "honey." But he has not success—public, statistical success. And that, like being a honey, is imperative; indeed, it is the same thing to a higher power. If he were only planted on success, he could start living.

And now the chance seems to have come. He is to make an independent film—not really independent, since it is being financed by a large Studio, which is dependent on the bank, which is dependent on the stockholders: but all the same *his* picture and responsibility. Matt is in earnest about pictures. This one will have to be good box-office, for it will cost a monstrous sum, but he intends it to be good as well. The story has attracted him for years. It is entitled "The Great Man," and what he sees in it, unconsciously perhaps, is a reflection of his inner life. The "great man" is a hero and a heel, a faker "living up to his advance notices," but turning tail in an emergency.

That is what Matt starts to produce. But what with witch-hunting, and the Production Code, and, above all, the threat of a *succès d'estime*, only a hero would come through. The history of his production echoes the tale itself; and we can't cast a stone—we have been far too thoroughly initiated.

"A Lamp for Nightfall," by Erskine Caldwell (Falcon Press; 10s. 6d.), has not much of a story; it is repetitive and thin. But then one shouldn't treat it as a story. It is a kind of poem, an earthy, melancholy little ballad about the back-country of Maine, and the "true townsmen" who are "petered out."

"It's that creeping forest," Ben said. "That forest is going to creep over all of us, houses and people alike, before it quits—and it never quits. It's been creeping back over the cleared fields and croplands ever since I can remember, and I'm getting to be an old man. . . . It won't be much longer till there are few like us to keep the forest out of the dooryards and to set lighted lamps in the windows at nightfall."

But he is talking of the "old Americans." It is their children who have gone away, their homesteads that are dark—while rats and foreigners are increasing. And now Thede Emerson is going to let his daughter Jean marry a Frenchman. He hates all Canucks to the death; but it will save her board and clothes, and if she took a "petered-out American" they would both starve in the first winter.

Thede is a "poor white" of a special stamp. He used to have a thriving dairy farm; now he has sold his stock and banked the proceeds, and they are going to stay banked, every penny. He will feed his wife; she meets a part-time butcher in the woods, but she comes cheaper than a servant. Jean he won't feed after October. And as for Howard, who wants 500 dollars for an engineering course—Howard will stay put and do the chores. And Autumn Hill, unlike the other homesteads, will go on for ever.

It is a little tragedy, man against time and fate, and the "dread" season of the year—though it is also farcically brutish.

"Away Went Polly," by Caryl Brahms (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is again tragedy in little: but this time English, "period" and full of grace. It is about St. John's Wood in the 'seventies. On one side of the road, a girl-wife and her crippled ward; and full in view, the rambling old mansion with its lake, its colonnade, and its French, fashionable portraitist. Lauretta peeps and sighs; but she is guileless, she is loyal to Caversham—and she is also carefully secluded. All might be well, but for the Goldschimmers' artistic soirée. Caversham lets her go; and Jules inevitably pounces. And from that moment they are doomed. Too late, she finds herself an exile in a weary land; and Jules, too late, discovers why he should have let her be.

This story takes some time to get the note. At first it is too fidgety and flippant, too prone to the old tricks. Later, it settles into a nostalgic charm.

"The Gentle Rain," by Margaret Archer (Jarrolds; 9s. 6d.), has the advantage of being set in hospital. There we meet Hooper, the tyrannical staff nurse, gentle, religious Sister Fellowes, who is past her work, Christine, the harried little novice—and David Hampton, the young house-surgeon. He is engaged to Lilian Drew, a rising dancer, who was once Lily Jacobs of the fish-and-chip shop and the Pasadena Club. Since then, she has been groomed for ladyhood and stardom. But the old Lily is still there—fond of her vulgar fling, and paying for one such outburst with a broken leg. David removes her to the hospital. This is a great event; both staff and patients are a-buzz—and then comes murder.

Her private life, and David's general appeal, ensure a good crop of suspicions. One may foresee the end, but that won't spoil the story: a lively, human little story, with a lot of sentiment.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

COSTUME; HERALDRY; AND A TUDOR QUEEN.

IN recent years the habit of rehabilitating the reputations of historical figures has become an art. We have had Charles II. rightly restored to his proper position as one of the ablest and most amiable of English kings through the skilled pen and learned scholarship of Dr. Arthur Bryant. Mr. Roger Fulford has done his best with the somewhat intractable material furnished by the Prince Regent. Even King John has recently reappeared, not in his familiar guise as one of the most perversely wicked of the English monarchs, but as a somewhat misunderstood patriot. Of all English sovereigns, the one against whom the strongest prejudice still exists is Mary Tudor—famously known to every schoolchild as "Bloody Mary."

Yet those who set down the scholarly and delightful "Mary Tudor," by Miss H. F. M. Prescott (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 30s.), will find themselves at least shaken in their historical hatred and probably moved to pity by this lonely, courageous, unhappy and fatally obstinate woman. Miss Prescott, in her famous novel on "The Pilgrimage of Grace," did much to bring home to the ordinary English reader the unhappy impact of the Reformation on the vast majority of simple Englishmen and Englishwomen of all classes. In this new book she shows how Mary Tudor, devoted to her mother, Catherine of Aragon, originally (and finally) devoted to her father, Henry VIII.—with an interval during which that ferocious monarch constantly threatened her with execution if she did not abjure her faith and yield to his will—grew up lonely, withdrawn and distrustful. When she did give her trust, as in the case of Simon Renard, the Imperial Ambassador, to her husband, Philip II. of Spain, or to her beloved, aristocratic cousin, Reginald Pole, Cardinal Legate of England, the results for herself, her religion and her country were wholly disastrous. Mary throughout her life was a staunch if unintelligent conservative. For her, as for so many of her subjects, the old ways, the tried ways and, as she and they believed, God's ways, were the best. Indeed, towards the end of his life, her formidable father had come to many of the same conclusions. He had been eager enough to cheer on the reformers when it was a question of getting his divorce, of fastening on the abbey lands, or of denying the Pope's supremacy. These objects having been accomplished, however, he showed himself to be as conservative as any member of the old Catholic party. But Henry failed to realise that it is one thing to start a revolution in Church and/or State; quite another thing to stop it at the point which suits you best. It was the unhappy conjunction of Edward VI.'s minority with the Protectorate of the brilliant and unscrupulous Somerset, which, as much as the Marian persecutions, caused the rift in the traditional life of England which remains to this day. Contrary to popular tradition, Mary was not a vindictive woman; indeed, her leniency towards the early conspirators in her reign was the despair of Renard, who rightly foresaw that their submission could not be trusted. She was a little, determined, homely woman, intensely happy with children, frustrated by her marriage to the cold King of Spain, to whom she so disastrously gave the whole of her heart and mind, and dogged throughout by her conscience—that conscience which would never let her rest and, unfortunately, would never let her subjects rest until she had achieved what, by then, was the impossible task of reconciling all her subjects to the Catholic Church. Who was responsible for those disastrous three years when the Marian persecutions sent 300 men and women to the stake, poisoned the air of England with the sickening stench of burning human flesh and destroyed irrevocably and finally any hope there might have been of preserving the ancient religion? Not Gardiner, who though he might have initiated them, shrank back from the consequences. Not Renard, who wrote in despair to his Imperial master. Not Pole, who was known for his gentleness, which had caused him to be suspect of Pope Paul IV. of heresy. Philip? Perhaps. His later appalling reputation in the Netherlands would seem to justify it. Mary herself? Probably, through a muddle-headed and misguided belief that thereby she was pleasing Pole, her husband and the Almighty. Miss Prescott has written a sympathetic and moving book. Perhaps one of the main reasons why Mary failed was the fact that she and Pole had not realised the tremendous and irrevocable changes which had come over a large and not the least vigorous part of the English nation. Her eyes were turned back to the Middle Ages, those of her Protestant subjects were looking forward to a new, tough commercial world which was to send the English all over the Seven Seas. How far apart those two worlds were to become may be judged by comparing the costumes for men and women of the Elizabethan Era with those illustrated in "Hand Book of English Mediaeval Costume," by C. Willett and Phillis Cunningham (Faber; 30s.). The excellent scholarship of the authors should prove, as the publisher suggests, of the greatest value to film, theatre and television producers. The costumes they here portray have been cunningly resuscitated from illuminated MSS., church effigies and brasses, and from such evidence as is provided by contemporary literature. The period covered is from

A.D. 800 to A.D. 1500, and the method is to take an epoch—i.e., the first half of the fifteenth century—and deal with the costumes of men and those of women in detail, garment by garment. The result is fascinating, and the use made of old wills and the like to confirm pictorial evidence is most skilful.

Mr. L. G. Pine, the author of "The Story of Heraldry" (Country Life; 18s.), is, as editor of "Burke's Peerage," amply qualified to write on this subject. He has, as he says, had two aims: "To write a book which could be read straight through by anyone who is not a student of heraldry, and to clear up some of the misconceptions which still exist on the subject." In the first place, he has admirably succeeded, and in the second it will be found that his reputation as a "debunker"—a reputation which may not have made him altogether acceptable to some of our noble families whose claim to antique lineage is based more on a happy aspiration than on fact—has been amply maintained. A valuable and interesting little book.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

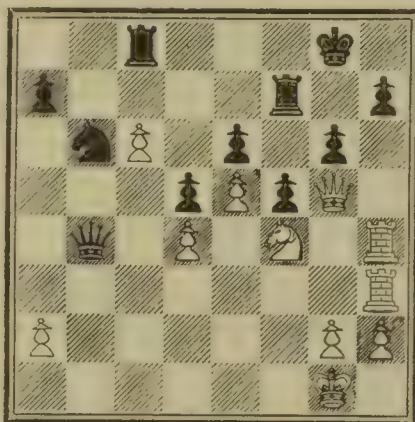
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

A REAL, crashing, blinding fluke can impart a fantastic twist to any game. I rather like flukes in cricket. To watch an intended drive past the square-leg umpire go whistling over slips' heads can be most exhilarating. Another characteristic fluke at cricket is the meant-to-be-off-drive which skirts miraculously between the batsman's legs and his wicket, the ball being over the fine-leg boundary before he has any idea where it has gone.

In billiards, flukes can be fun among beginners but stark tragedy among experts, where a gift from the gods to one player may condemn his opponent to a weary hour of spectating whilst hundreds more points are ground out against him.

Flukes in chess? They are not unknown. J. T. Lynch, a keen player from Newry, reached this position in a postal game:



He now played 32. Q×KtPch!! and his opponent resigned. Another mere brilliancy? No, Mr. Lynch is a candid man. In reporting the game he writes: "I was thinking of resigning . . . as in guarding against the threat of 32. . . Q-K8 mate, I seemed bound to lose material. . . . More for fun than with serious intent, I considered what would happen if I played 32. Q×KtPch. What was my astonishment and delight when I found it to be the winning move!" If 32. . . R-Kt2; 33. Q×Rch, K×Q; 34. R×Pch, K-Br; 35. R-R8ch, K-K2; 36. R(R3)-R7 mate. 32. . . P×Q allows 33. R-R8ch, K-Kt2; 34. R(R3)-R7 mate. Black's "best" is 32. . . K-Br; 33. Q×Rch, K×Q; 34. R×Pch, K-Kt; 35. R-R8ch, Q-Br, which leaves him a hopeless ending.

The biggest fluke of my career occurred in a game as Warwickshire's top board against Yorkshire's in the Counties' Correspondence Championship. I was Black and the game started:

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	6. B-Q2	Castles
2. P-QB4	P-K3	7. P-K3	P-K4?
3. Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	8. P×P	P×P
4. Q-Kt3	Kt-B3	9. Kt×P	Kt×Kt
5. Kt-B3	P-Q3		

Or 9. . . B×Kt; 10. B×B and White's remaining knight is protected.

My careless seventh move has cost me a pawn. In a match of such calibre, that normally spells, at best, a long struggle against odds to save the game. Move nine!

10. Q×B	B-Kt5	12. P-B4?	Kt-Q4!!
11. P-KR3	B-R4		

Move twelve. The game is over, for if White guards against 13. . . Kt×Q, he must allow 13. . . Q-R5ch; 14. P-Kt3, Q×KtP mate.

If that isn't a fluke, what is?

ROYAL OCCASIONS AND "THE QUEEN'S BEASTS", FINE SILVER, AND PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S MESSAGE.

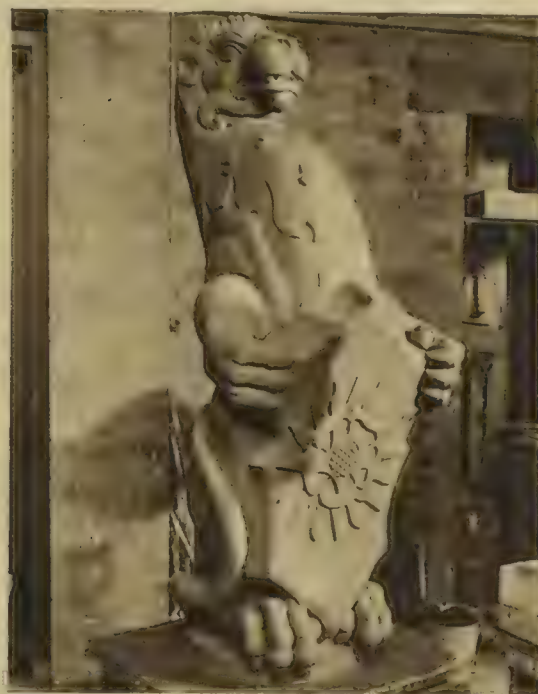


MR. JAMES WOODFORD, R.A., AT WORK ON THE LION OF ENGLAND, ONE OF THE TEN "QUEEN'S BEASTS" FOR THE CORONATION PAVILION.

"The Queen's Beasts," the ten heraldic animals which are to adorn the Coronation pavilion at Westminster Abbey, were shown to the Press on February 6 in the studio of Mr. James Woodford, R.A., who has designed them and is executing them. Some were nearly complete, some exist as yet only as models. Advice on the heraldry has been given by Garter King of Arms, Sir George Bellew, and Mr. H. Stanford London. Concerning his designs, Mr. Woodford said: "I have taken great care over the expressions. I wanted to get character into them and yet make the people laugh."



KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN—WEARING SASH, CENTRE—TAKING PART IN THE SOVEREIGN'S PARADE AT SANDHURST. At the Sovereign's Parade with full ceremonial which was taken at the Royal Military Academy on February 5 by General Sir John Harding, C.I.G.S., among those parading with the senior division was King Hussein of Jordan, who had just completed a shortened course.



"THE WHITE LION OF MORTIMER": ONE OF THE "QUEEN'S BEASTS" BY MR. JAMES WOODFORD, R.A. THEY ARE 6 FT. HIGH AND MADE FROM PLASTER.



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PRESIDENT EISENHOWER (LEFT CENTRE, AT THE MICROPHONE) DELIVERING HIS "STATE OF THE UNION" MESSAGE TO THE JOINT SESSION OF CONGRESS ON FEBRUARY 3. On February 3, to a joint session of Congress, President Eisenhower delivered his first "State of the Union" message, outlining his policy. It was received without enthusiasm by the new Republican Congress, except as regards "de-neutralising" Formosa. Reference is made to this decision elsewhere.



AT THE FUNERAL OF THE DUKE ERNST AUGUST OF BRUNSWICK AND LUNEBERG: SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL MOURNERS BEFORE THE STANDARD-DRAPED COFFIN. From left to right are: Prince Welf Heinrich (youngest son of the late Duke), Princess Ortrud and Prince Ernst August (eldest son), Duchess Viktoria Luise (the widow), King Paul of the Hellenes (son-in-law), Princess Sophie of Hanover (sister of the Duke of Edinburgh), and Prince Georg Wilhelm (second son).



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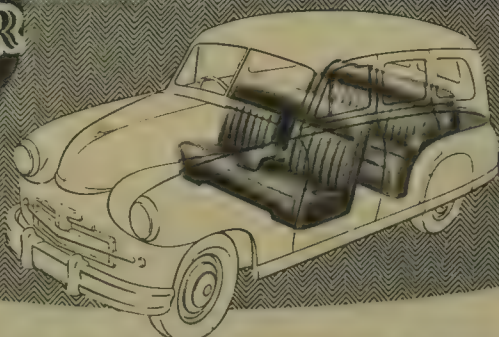
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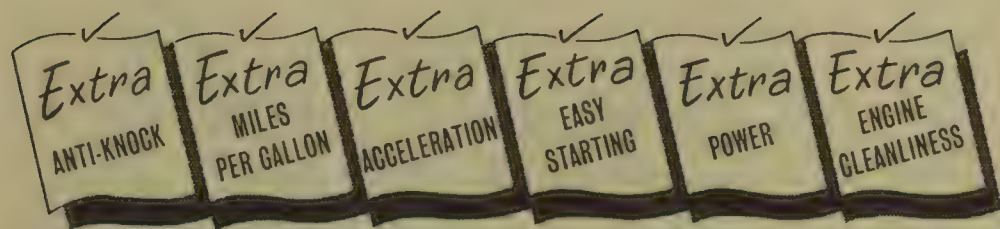
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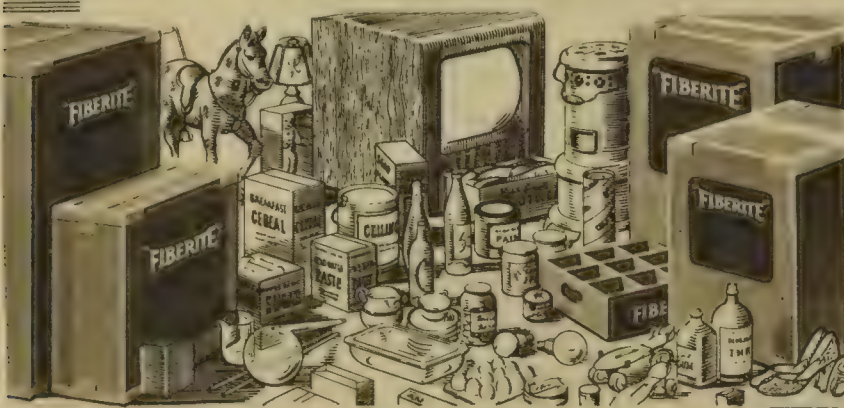
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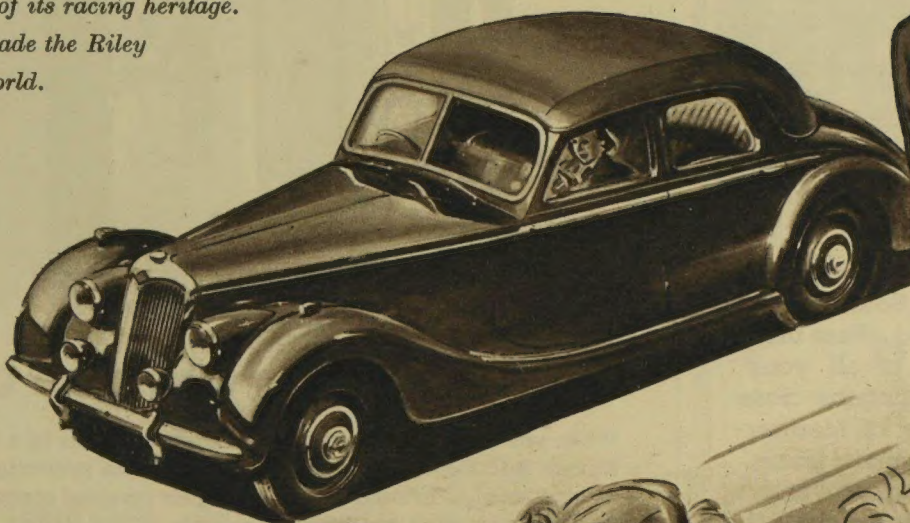
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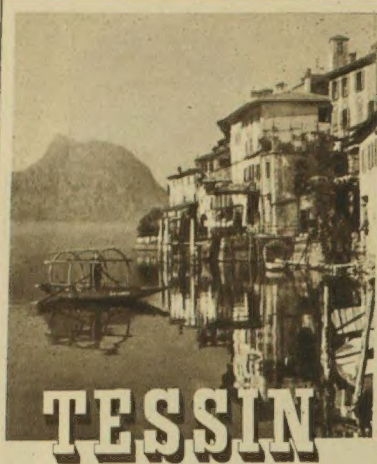
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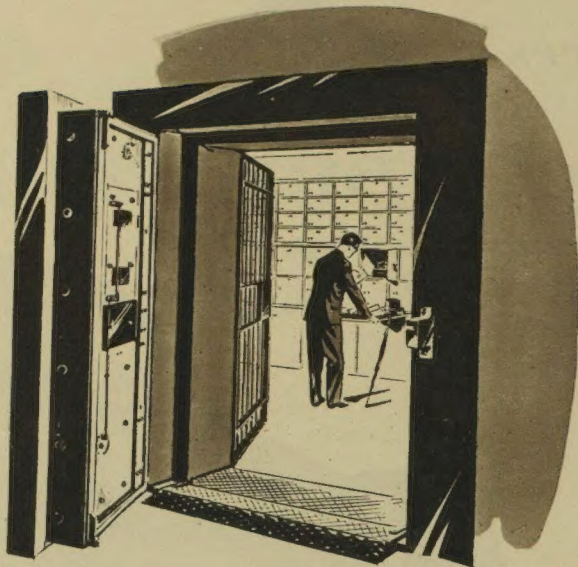
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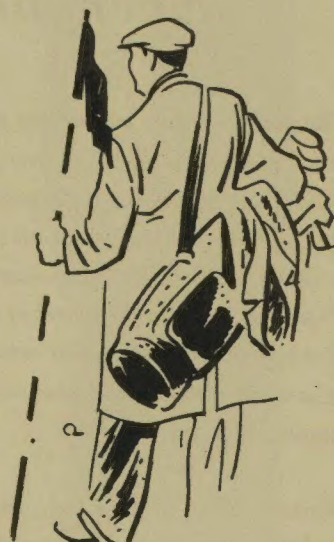
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